

THE TELESCOPE

*16th Anniversary
Issue*



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY
Kingston, Ontario

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A.J. MacLeod, Q.C.

PENITENTIARY SERVICE

Hazen F. Smith — Warden

H.S. Bell — Deputy Warden

Telescope Liaison Officer

R. Lawton

SPORTS

By

M. DeCoach

EDITORIAL BOARD

T. Thompson

B. Jellifo

R. Cross

PRINTING STAFF

PRINT SHOP INSTRUCTOR

F. REVELL

Pressman

W. Haas

Linotypist

R. Simmons

D. Noland

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR

S.W. KELLY

Compositor

R. Ridgway

C. Boomer

Cutter

R. Bigelow

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, 1951. Subscription Rates: One Dollar per year. Send all remittances for subscription c/o The Telescope, Box 22, Kingston, Ontario.

"... the outstanding penal publication in North America." **The Vancouver Sun.**

The Telescope

SEPTEMBER

1966

OCTOBER

Contents

ARTICLES

When Punishment Becomes a Crime	Sam Carr	11
What's It Like.....	Bill Martin	14
Loyalty	Stewy Anderson	16
Second Class Citizens	Peter Stasiak	17
Rumors	Wally Johnson	19
Socialization in Prison	Neil Hicks	28
Masters of Time	Steve Savage	38

FEATURES

Editorial	16th Anniversary Issue	2
Penal News	Bert Jellifo	5
Crossword Puzzle	T. Thompson	10
Warden's Diary 1848	R. Cross	20
Telescoping Sports	M. DeCoach	22
Letter Box		47
Crossword Puzzle Answers		48

FICTION

Hitchhiker	L. Nicholas	9
The Latest Look	Mitch Simcoe	31
Mrs. Harold's Parole	L. Nicholas	32
Somebody's Mother	S. Anderson	34
The Ivory Towers	Ray Davies	39
My Brother Angelo	Frank Cocomazzzi	42

Census

Discharged	24	Total Population	869
Transferred to other Pens	108	Transferred Into Kingston Pen.....	11
Paroles Violated	5	Paroles Granted	2
At Large	3	Escaped while out to court	1
Low Number (old series)	2157	High Number	3077
Asylums	17	New Men Received	158

16th Anniversary Issue

As magazines go, the **Telescope** is still in it's youth. Only sixteen years ago this September the first issue rolled off the presses in the Printshop. It was the first magazine ever to be published in a Canadian Penitentiary.

This anniversary issue, however, differs from most of the others in that it consists almost entirely of reprints of the best of the **Telescope** dating from September, 1950, to December, 1965. During 1957, the magazine was, as most of our readers know, out of circulation.

We have done our best to choose the very best from each year of the **Telescope** and hope we have succeeded in getting out an informative and entertaining issue to commemorate our sixteenth birthday.

During the sixteen years of its publication, the **Telescope** has been the recipient of many bouquets and perhaps as many splatters of mud. Of the latter, "crying towel", "gripe sheet", and "weeping post" were the most often heard, and in this issue there appear some of the articles that called forth these epithets in bygone years. Curiously enough, not even the inmate readers themselves were unanimous in their opinions of such articles, for many praised them and an equal number condemned.

Why, then, were such "gripping" articles published? What is the purpose in inviting adverse criticism of the magazine? Well, in the December 1952, issue of the magazine, for example, there appeared an article griping about our parole system. On August 18th, 1958, the House of Commons passed Bill C-49, known by its short title as the **Parole Act**, and this act provided for the scrapping of the old parole system and set up a National Parole Board.

Cause and effect? **Telescope** gripe becomes legislative change? Well, we're not quite that presumptuous and we are aware that the Fauteux Commission Report of 1956 strongly recommended such a change. We are also aware that at least one member of the Canadian Senate (one of a number of Senatorial subscribers to the **Telescope**) spoke strongly on behalf of this Bill, using arguments and information published in many past issues of the magazine.



Some years ago, the editor of the **Telescope** of that time wrote an article griping about the need for a pre-release program, particularly for those inmates who had served long sentences and were thus subjected to a release shock of more than ordinary severity. This "gripe" was followed from time to time by other similar gripes until 1957 when the penal authorities of Canada instituted the practice of Pre-Release or Gradual Release treatment for those inmates who served long terms of imprisonment.

Then, too, the **Telescope** and the other Canadian penal magazines griped on more than one occasion about a condition which had begun when the first jail was built and had continued to this modern era—too much cellular confinement. The concepts of modern penology had changed from the punitive to the reformatory and condemned such a condition as degrading and demoralizing. And so the Canadian penal officials introduced two changes to alleviate in part this condition. The first of these was night school for some classes, and the second was night exercise during the summer months on a group by group basis, each group receiving two hours of sports and exercise in the evening once every six days. Nowadays, during the summer month half the prison population is allowed to exercise in the yard for two hours, then go to the gymnasium for two hours every second night, alternating with the other half of the institution; during the winter months they are allowed 3 hours every second night in the gymnasium to play floor hockey, cards, and watch television.

In past years, the **Telescope** has printed gripe articles about the advisability of allowing newspapers, the need for a recreation building, additional letterwriting privileges, radio earphones, dormitories, hobbycraft, personal shaving equipment and many others. Today, all of these needs have been met and are taken for granted in Kingston Penitentiary; others are yet to be approved.

May the **Telescope** take credit for these changed conditions? No, for this magazine is only one small whisper in the voice of the penal press whose avowed purpose is to bring about a better understanding between the prisoner and the public.

POETRY

A BLIND MAN SEES

As the blind man stood on the busy street,
Hearing the music of passing feet,
The tired step of the working man
And happy children's as they ran,
He heard a young couple dreaming aloud
As they passed along with the rushing
crowd,
His heart went out to the brash young
man
Who spoke with such pride, of his future
plan,
He remembered the words in his own
young day
To his lovely wife, who had passed away,
He wondered if God, in his magic way,
Helped each person, as day by day
They paved their way to the throne above,
By giving each one his share of love.

BY M.C.

DREAMER

Down where the wall
Lays out his long grey shadow
Stood a man,
Who, in the calloused hollow
Of his hand,
Held an imagined flower.
His round eyes
Reached out beyond the tower
To the skies,
Where, in some fancied ocean
Seemed to drain
Even the fancied notion
That was pain,
Then, came the Constant Keeper
Of the gate,
And he recalled the Sleeper
To his fate
With potent words of magic:
OKAY! OKAY! OKAY!

BY L.N.

HELL THE PRISON OF DESPAIR

No flowers will bloom on the banks of
Hell.
No beauties of nature we love so well.
No comfort of home music and song.
No friendship and joy will be found in
that throng.
No children to brighten that long weary
night.
No love, no peace, nor any ray of light.
No bloodwashed soul with face beaming
bright.
No loving smile in that region of night.
No mercy, no pity, pardon, nor grace.
No water, O God what a terrible place.
The pangs of the lost no human can tell.
Not one minutes rest.
There is no rest in Hell.
Hell, the prison house of despair.
Here are some of the things that are there.
Fire and brimstone are there we know.
For god in his word has told us so,
Memory, remorse, suffering and pain.
Weeping and wailing but all in vain.
Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,
Christ rejectors while here on earth trod.
Murderers, gamblers, drunkards and liars,
Will have their part in the lake of fire.
The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean,
What a horrible mess in Hell will be seen.
Yes more than humans on earth can tell.
Are torments and woes of eternal Hell.

— HARRY WILSON

FAREWELL

Now I will turn the page
And the story will go on,
And every breath and tear and sigh
Will spur me on
To fill each page
I breath upon—but I,
A little everyday will die.
And as the pages fill
What will the reading be?
For neither laugh nor song nor cry
Will set me free,
Or let me stray
From thee, and that is why I
A little everyday will die.

BY J.O.

SHALLOW OR DEEP

Civility brings no conclusions with it,
Though cheerful vistas make the moment
glide.
But, nonetheless, life has deeper mea-
ing---
'Tis not the outward things, it's what
inside.
For any fool can cast a warm emotion
And fickle minds are easily come by.
But underneath it all, the real conclusi-
Lies in a depth of love that will not di-

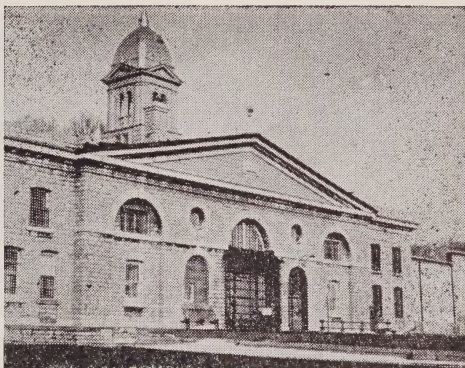
PENAL NEWS

NOTES ON THE NEWS

FROM

AROUND THE WORLD

B. Jellifo



PRISONER MOONLIGHTING

Moonlighting activities came to a screeching in a Pennsylvania jail.

The sheriff discovered one prisoner was paying his court cost with money stolen during some of his five moonlighting sorties. The investigation disclosed that the six prisoners had picked the locks of the jail with wire and string, borrowed a car, and driven as far as 30 miles to rob, among other places, the courthouse and county home in an adjoining county.

FINANCIAL POST SAYS...

Joyceville Journal: Canada's penal reformers a frustrated lot in the past are making headway. Perhaps they could pick up a Spanish idea which shows that even 20th century dictators can be benevolent to some of the people some of the time.

General Franco recently decreed what was inaccurately called a general amnesty, better than a pardon because it wipes the offence from the slate, is sometimes granted to defeated rebels. There were amnesties after (though not immediately after) the U.S. Civil War, Jacobite rising of 1745 and the Canadian rebellions of 1837.

Franco was not so generous. He cut by half all sentences of two years or less. Prisoners doing long time, a category that includes Franco's political foes, got remission of only one twelfth.

Grand gestures like this are easier for tyrants than for free countries where sentences are by law rather than by whim. But students of penology say that even a dim hope of getting out sooner can save prisoners from slow rot. Canada might try doing a Franco.

NEW PAROLE PROCEDURES INSTITUTED IN MARYLAND

New procedures to ease steps toward parole for young prisoners and others showing progress have been announced by the Legislative Council's prison committee. Perhaps the most significant is a change that will allow some prisoners to receive a parole hearing before they have completed one-fourth of their sentence. (Previously prisoners had to complete one-fourth of their time before they were allowed a hearing.)

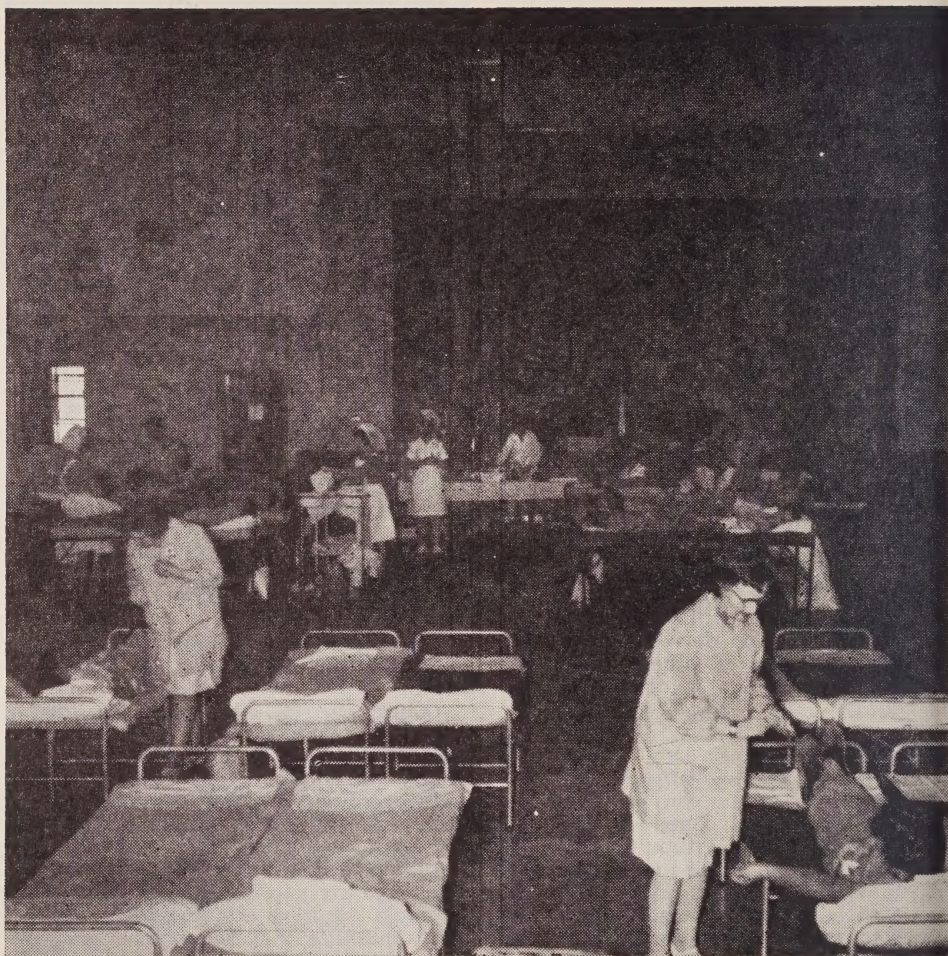
Other changes include (1) allowing prisoners serving terms of more than two years to have a 30-day period during which to prepare their required home and work program after they are approved for parole; (2) giving greater parole consideration for those who have satisfactorily engaged in 'work release' programs; (3) instituting parole hearings at five-year intervals for long-term prisoners to keep from thinking that they have been forgotten; (4) placing a full-time parole agent at all penal institutions to work with the classification officer; and (5) creating a psychiatric assistance to parolees. The committee said 10 per cent more prisoners could be paroled under such an arrangement.

SEAL JAIL 'ESCAPE HATCH

PRESIDIO: Nighttime visits of young prisoners and their girls outside Butte County, California's new jail ended when workmen welded bars over a foot-wide louver.

Deputies waiting outside the window in the minimum security dormitory, watched as four youths climbed out to visit girls. All the inmates were arrested.

Just what charges authorities plan to bring remains a question. The youths apparently were not trying to escape.



RED CROSS VISITS K.P.

Over 450 inmates recently donated blood to the Red Cross blood bank. Beds were set up in the gymnasium and coffee, cakes and tobacco were distributed to inmates after they donated. The Red Cross Society was very impressed with the turnout.

URGED CHANGE IN 'FIT FOR TRIAL' LAW

"Persons sent to mental hospitals after being found unfit to stand trial on criminal charges have less chance to return to normal life than other mental hospital inmates," the superintendent of Ontario's mental hospital at Penetanguishene, said.

"Higher standards are set for discharging patients accused of a crime than other inmates," said Dr. B.A. Boyd.

Yet these patients might well be innocent of any wrong-doing, he told the handful of MPs who turned out at the Commons Justice committee meeting.

Up for consideration was a private member's bill introduced in the Commons by John Munro (L. Hamilton East parliamentary assistant to Immigration Minister Marchand).

Mr. Munro's bill would postpone an hearing on the issue of fitness to stand trial where a lawyer felt his client would not be found guilty of the offence charged. At the judge's discretion, the fitness issue would be put off until the Crown had presented its case.

At that time, if the judge or jury felt there was insufficient evidence, the accused would be acquitted and the ma

ter of fitness to stand trial would not be considered.

Dr. Boyd said that he supported the amendment because it would mean "justice for our patients." One had been in the hospital up to forty years with a charge hanging over his head and might well be innocent.

But patients such as the one referred to had serious problems which would require them to be at mental hospitals he said.

The amendment would benefit only a minority of his patients. But allowing as many persons as possible to go to trial would relieve staffs of mental hospitals from becoming "Judge and Jury" of patients.

Barry Swadron, director of study project on medical health legislation for Ontario, said patients sent to mental hospitals because they are unfit to stand trial sometimes are believed guilty of the offence charged. There was no appeal against such finding and no right to get back to court.

As many such persons as possible should stand trial.

Munro said he agreed. Perhaps another MP would introduce a bill embracing his problem.

via. The Telegram)

1500 STATEVILLE CELLS GET FLOURESCENT LIGHTS

STATEVILLE Ill. (PP) More than 1500 cells in Stateville-Joliet branch of the state prison system are now lit with fluorescent lights.

The installation, replacing older 60 watt incandescant bulbs with fluorescent fixtures, is almost complete.

According to Warden Frank J. Pate, reasons for the change is three fold;—More than 90 per cent of the prison's inmates are enrolled in vocational or educational courses which require evening cell study.

To provide equal amounts of light to men assigned to lower bunks where less light had shown previously.

And because fluorescent lights are more economical and "enhance the appearance and comfort of a cell."

CONVICT MUSICIANS TRAVEL STATE-WIDE

MOBERLY, Mo., (P) The Versatiles, six-man musical group composed of convicts serving sentences in Jefferson City Prison are touring correctional institutions around the state to entertain their inmates.

A NOVIA SCOTIA JUDGE URGES: ON-OFF-JAIL TERMS

Dartmouth, N.S.—A judge of Nova Scotia's magistrates court has urged the establishment of night and week-ends jails in the Province. Judge M.D. Haley, a part-time crown prosecutor before he was appointed to the bench 10 years ago, says the present concept of fines and imprisonment frequently causes undue hardships to an accused's family.

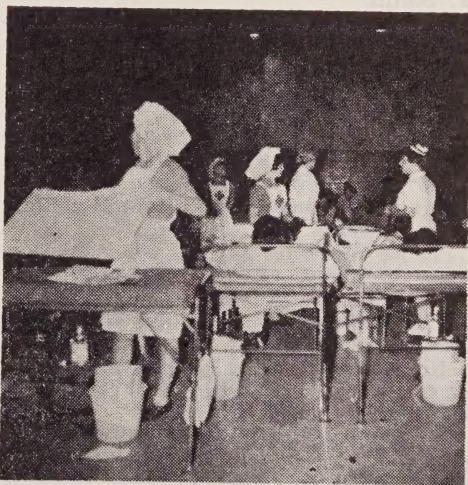
He would like to be able to give selected offenders the opportunity of maintaining their normal employment while serving their time on off-the job hours.

"Intermittent jailing," as the practice is known in jurisdictions where it is employed, is not new.

In fact, Wisconsin's Huber Law, in effect since 1913, allows "selected offenders" sentenced to one year or less to work out their sentences at night and on week-ends. And Wisconsin is now moving to extend coverage to include selected sentences of more than one year.

The principle has been adopted by at least 11 states, including North Carolina, Wyoming, Idaho, Dakota, Montana, Oregon, and California.

The impact on the public purse is of major importance. Night and week-end lock-ups where prisoners report and remain on a purely voluntary basis cost much less to construct than conventional prisons, and the ratio of guards to inmates is also lower.



RED CROSS

Nurses from the local Red Cross Unit working during the last blood donations



GRADUATION CEREMONY

Attending the proceedings were, from the left: School teacher, Mr. Kerr; Deputy Warden, H. Bell; Warden, H.F. Smith; Assistant Deputy Warden, D. Chinnery; School Supervisor, J. Douey.

GRADUATION DAY

Kingston Penitentiary:—Last month this institution's 4th class of school graduates in two years were presented with certificates of achievement by Warden Hazen F. Smith.

During a ceremony in the School Department, attended by the Warden, Deputy Warden H. Bell, Assistant Deputy Warden (IT) D. Chinnery, and Supervisor of Education J. Douey, fourteen inmates were given certificates to prove they had successfully passed tests in a wide variety of subjects ranging from grade eight courses to extramural courses from Queen's University.

Those receiving awards were: R. Duguay, C. Berry, G. Seip, W. McKinney, W.C. Clark, J. Hollands, L. Bahl, G. Corckell, L. Coombs, W. Bell, W. Hutton and R. Barker.

Not present, but also receiving certificates were: D. Binette, J. Shaw and R. Bezeau.

In his congratulatory speech the Warden said, "It is a fallacy in believing, as some of the inmates do, that there is nothing in Kingston Penitentiary to help the inmates improve themselves. Granted, the facilities are limited, but as this graduation class proves, if a man

wants to improve himself and his educational standing, he does have the opportunity here as much as in any other place if he has the desire."

He went on to say that although the teaching staff are few, he is sure that sometime in the near future they will be able to arrange for enough teachers to handle the ever-increasing demands of the growing number of students.

ONTARIO PROGRAM FOR DRUNKS

The Ontario government is introducing an \$18,000,000. program to deal with chronic drunks—the group who now receive a series of jail sentences. The first of seven diagnostic centres will be set up in Toronto this year, with the others to follow a testing period.

Police will take drunks to these centres rather than to jail. A medical and social diagnosis will be made, and a treatment program worked out for each patient.

Two rehabilitation farms will be set up to deal with the more serious cases. It is estimated there are 10,000 persons in this category in Ontario, a third of them in Toronto. The program will be administered by the Ontario Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation.

Hitch Hiker

September, 1951

L. Nicholas

John Marshal stared fixedly at the road ahead. His powerful new car glided easily along, over the smooth, wind-swept highway. Puffing contentedly on a cigar he mused "Life has been good to me alright." He was glowing with the satisfaction of a successful businessman, a father of a tightly knit and happy family.

He switched on the radio and the pleasant sounds of Mart Kenny filled the car. It gave him the feeling of drifting through space. His dreaming was suddenly interrupted by the grim voice of an announcer breaking into the music: "We interrupt this program to issue a warning to all residents of the Chatham-London area! This afternoon two men escaped from Michigan State Penitentiary. One has been recaptured; the other, and more dangerous of the two, is believed to have crossed the border in Canada. Police in Windsor report that he may be headed east on Highway 3. This man is armed and extremely dangerous. He will shoot on the slightest provocation! When last seen he was wearing a brown suit and grey hat. His age is 34, height 6 feet. I repeat...."

Marshal turned off the radio and muttered angrily. "Nuts! As if we didn't have enough crooks of our own, the Yankees send us theirs." He began to mimic the announcer: "This man is ex...treem...ly dangerous! Bah! The poor fellow is probably asleep in some haystack, trying to keep warm...."

John Marshal had nothing to fear. He was heading east on Highway 2. He was a man used to doing things his own way and he resented the pre-emptory directions of the announcer. Then as the car sped around a curve, the headlights defined a figure thumbing furiously and stamping his feet, his breath turning into puffs of steam in the frosty air.

"Gawd," thought Marshal, "the poor devil is damned near frozen." The big car slowed down and scrunched in the snow of the road's shoulder.

"How far are you going, Mac?" Marshal shouted as he opened the door. The stranger poked his head into the car, smiled silently and climbed into the car. The car moved off.

After several awkward moments Marshal remarked, "It's pretty cold tonight. Lucky for you that I came along; there aren't many cars on the road." The hitchhiker smiled but made no reply.

A mile slipped by and Marshal decided to try again. "Smoke?" he asked. The man beside him ignored the offer, remaining utterly silent, looking through the windshield.

A queer feeling began to creep through Marshal. Mechanically he checked...."brown suit....grey hat, about thirty...." Studying the man from the corner of his eye Marshal suddenly stiffened.... "Holy Mack-erel!" he thought.

The he felt something poke him abruptly in the ribs and sweat began to ooze from his pores. What would happen to his family, his business? The thoughts raced rapidly through his terror stricken mind as he wheeled the car slowly off the road, stopped the motor and raised his hands above his head. He could hear the voice of the announcer hammering at his ear drums, "This man is dangerous.... he will shoot on the slightest provocation."

For an instant they looked into each other's eyes. Then the rough-hewn face of the hitchhiker crinkled into a wide grin as he handed Marshal a much used and smeared piece of paper.

Mechanically, still in a daze, Marshal read the words written on the paper again and again. Finally he understood the scribbled message: it said simply, "I am deaf and dumb. Please let me out at the next village. I live there. Thank you for the ride."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4			5	6	7			8	9	10	11
12						13					14			
15						16				17				
18						19						20		
			21	22					23		24			
25	26							27			28		29	30
32						33			34		35			
36						37			38		39			
						40			41		42			
43	44	45				46			47				48	49
51				52							53			
54								55				56		
57														

ACROSS

1. Perceives
5. Brimless Hat
8. Take up capacity
12. Sea eagles
13. Unit
14. Thought
15. Marry
16. Make support
18. Suffix
19. Sam - - - -
20. Abstract being
21. Tumult
23. Ignited
25. One more
28. Feeling high (sl.)
32. Sound
33. Thick vein of a leaf
35. Fermented drink
36. Stalks
38. Morning songs or tales
40. Perch
42. 7 to 1
43. Fur piece
46. Lively tunes or airs
48. Musician: - - - - Gershwin
51. Hermit
53. Stern
54. Roman Emperor
55. Night before
56. Poke dot
57. Residue
58. Title
59. Russian Emperor

DOWN

1. Half
2. Centuries
3. To misall (A bishop, etc.)
4. Compass point
5. Opposite
6. Princess
7. Lever
8. Tree
9. Inactive
10. Thin
11. Signs
17. Publish
19. Not of scale
22. Articles
24. Faint-hearted
25. Donkey
26. - - - - King Cole
27. Lacerate
29. Old age - - - - (pl.)
30. Took a chair
31. Yards (abr.)
34. Absorber
37. Pit
39. Items
41. Wears out
43. A company of musicians
44. Hard blow
45. Land measure
47. Son of Jacob
49. Wheel (Latin)
50. One who mimics
52. Greedy (sl.)

When Punishment Becomes A Crime

1953 by S. Carr

Canadian penologists have mis-
sed the boat! During the past four
years, parliamentary commissions have
been working on revision of the
Criminal Code. This is the first major
revision undertaken in more than sixty
years.

Here was a grand opportunity
for all advocates of an enlightened, mod-
ern approach to crime and punishment.
Yet, not only have our penologist and
sociologists failed to mobilize public
opinion for a real revision of the Cri-
minal Code, what is worse they even
failed to speak up for themselves.

Because of their failures the "new"
Criminal Code will, like its predecessor
be based on the old, mouldy and false
premise that the individual who com-
mits a crime does so "of his own free
will". It is a premise that absolves so-
ciety and the community from responsi-
bility and consequently all punishment
on the individual whose weaknesses
and transgressions are the product of
the environment in which he was born
and brought up.

Disregarding the importance of
economic, family, community and soc-
ial relationships in the creation of
the characteristics which make some
individuals crime-prone, our society

will apparently continue to view the
criminal personality as the inevitable
quirk of nature, something to be expec-
ted and treated in the same way as the
mentally defective, the leper and the
congenitally ill. It is the perpetuation
of an attitude which only 200 years ago
even in England, sent to the gallows
anyone guilty of stealing more than
a shilling. It is true, the shadow of
the gallows does not loom so large
now; it has been replaced by the len-
gthening shadow cast by high walls
of the steadily growing list of prisons.

Broken families, poverty amidst
plenty, lack of education and a low
standard of community morals do not
necessarily make criminals, prostitutes
and psychotics....in all cases. However,
given a weak personality, a person
becomes unable to "fight against all
odds" and another delinquent is on
the way.

The *American Journal of Sociology*
stated the case succinctly when it
declared that "*The group rather than
the individual is the source of de-
viant behaviour.*" Were society to ac-
cept this concept, now generally accept-
ed by the students of the problem, we
would in our "new" Code find a basic
revolution of the punishments as well
as a redefinition of the offenses.

In his recent book, Kenyon J.
Scudder, the warden of Chino prison
in California, himself an eminent pen-
ologist, declares:

"Since society derives no benefit
from punishing man for punishment's
sake, many men should not be sent to
prison until every other available re-
source has been exhausted. Our courts
could safely double the number now
serving a sentence in the community
under supervision and capitalize on
the normal reaction of contrition which
follows almost every conviction."

The idea expressed by Mr. Scudder
found no echo on parliament hill. The
Legislators have approached the revi-

sion of the Code from a lawyer's point of view. The number of sections was cut down by some hundreds; the lawyer and judge will have an easier time sending more men to jail. Judging by press reports the sections of the old Code, providing for some of the astronomical sentences handed out, will stand as they were. Not in one case reported was the punishment reduced in line with present day thinking on the purposes of punishment. In some cases stiffer penalties were provided.

One feels like drawing to the attention of law-makers the following statement of Dr. Robert Linder, an American psychoanalyst who stated in addressing the Los Angeles Institute on crime and Delinquency that:

"A judge who sentences a prisoner to more than five years, is defeating the purpose of justice. The prisoner can't understand it any more than he can understand a billion dollars. It is impossible, psychologically to imagine yourself not existing."

In a recent speech to the Chatham Service Club, a prominent government spokesman declared that we are witnessing a "*veritable revolution in Canadian penology*". Surely this prominent administrator of justice realizes that one must not equate prison administration with penology. There is no doubt that methods of prison management have undergone a welcome and humanizing change. It is, however, equally certain that prison administration is *only a small part of penology*.

The whole gamut of problems involved in social punishment forms part of the science of penology. The length of sentences, parole and probation, the aid to release men, and general problems of delinquency must all be studied as part of penology. Certainly prison administration is important but it is justified to assert that the changes so far introduced constitute a "*veritable revolutionary change*"! The answer

must be an emphatic NO. Let us look at the facts. In the revision of the Criminal Code as we have stated earlier no changes, let alone "revolutionary changes, are proposed, that is no changes that have any penological significance.

In four years work the parliamentary committee on the revisions of the Code found no time to get around to the problem of capital punishment. At a time when many countries have long ago abolished legal killing and when ample evidence has been produced that capital punishment is essentially a matter of vengeance, since it is not a deterrent, the revisers of the Code did not even raise the problem. We are informed that a Royal Commission "may" be appointed to study the problem. This means that some years will elapse, even if such a Commission is appointed, before it hears all "interested parties" and should such a Royal Commission recommend the abolition of capital punishment, the government of the day will then decide what to do. Meanwhile the hangman will continue to ply his noxious trade.

In our consideration of the "*veritable revolution Canadian penology*" we will be forgiven for raising a pet subject, namely, our opposition to the continuation of corporal punishment. The "new" Criminal Code continues the very old practice of flogging prisoners on the long bankrupt assumption that some human beings will only reform after they feel the physical hurt which follows their transgressions. In England, in 1948, court-imposed flogging was banned. In February of this year a united effort was made by the judiciary and some members of parliament to have flogging re-inserted into the Criminal Code of England. This effort was soundly beaten by a parliamentary vote of 159 against 63. Mr. James Chuter Ede, formerly Home

Secretary in the Labour Government, unhesitatingly declared that judges are not only simple humans but they are also not necessarily among the forward looking penologists. Mr. Ede declared in the British House of Commons that:

"If parliament had listened to the judges in the last 150 years, we should still be hanging children for stealing anything over the value of a shilling."

The advocates of modernization of Canadian penology are rather passive. In recent months we have had a number of cases of children of fourteen and fifteen being sent down for long penitentiary sentences. The TEL-ESCOPE raised its voice in protest. It was painful to see that none of the large papers in Montreal or Vancouver found any cause for exception, let alone alarm, at the judges administering "justice" of this sort to children.

The most tragic indictment of the backwardness of our penology came to light recently in Montreal. Robert and Yvon Bedard are two boys, fourteen and sixteen years old respectively. In an argument over keeping the family car out too late the frenzied boys killed their father and wounded their mother. A true tragedy of our ways of living.

No one will dream of underestimating the gravity of the matter. Murder is dastardly enough, but patricide is even worse. Yet one cannot forget that two young children were the culprits.

How did our "enlightened penology" handle the problem? On March 31, 1953 Mr. Justice Wilfred Lazure, in the court of Queen's Bench at Montreal, sentenced the two bewildered children to *LIFE imprisonment in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary!* This lenient sentence, we are told, was possible, only because the Crown agreed to reduce the charge from one of murder to that of manslaughter.

Can any human being in his right

mind consider that the sending of the Bedard children, for life, to a penitentiary is in any sense a solution to the problem of society, the children or their bereaved mother?

There is an element of sheer hypocrisy in the sentence. Even were these boys found guilty of murder they would not have hanged. We in Canada do draw the line at hanging children. At most they would have gotten life sentences. Why then should a judge give children life sentences on the lesser charge of manslaughter? We all know of many cases of adults who, on manslaughter charges, were sentenced to as little as 3 or 5 years imprisonment. Would it not have been better to send these boys to a reformatory until they were of age and provide them with the treatment they probably require?

As if to stress and expose the poverty of our penology, Judge Lazure unburdened himself of the following gem of wisdom. In sentencing the Bedard boys, he solemnly declared that:

"The best thing to do is to rid society of people like them."

Indeed, a "veritable revolution in penology"!

This writer is conscious and appreciative of the changes in prison management instituted under the guidance of Major General Gibson. However, let us modestly assay the achievements made so that we may fathom the problems yet to be tackled.

Some serious thinking is needed on the matter of crime and punishment. That crime is to be punished cannot be disputed. However, punishment inflicted upon the individual offender, by the judges acting on behalf of society, must be social punishment not vengeance. Its purpose must be the reformation, not the utter crippling of the offender. Punishment that is not based on bringing good out of evil but on adding evil upon evil is in itself a crime.



WHAT'S IT LIKE?

September 1957

Bill Martin

What's it like in prison? Well, it's loneliness that etches deeply. It's frustration that stifles ambition. It's monotony that corrodes personality, leaving many dull and apathetic. It is quiet desperation for some, and violent outburst for others less able to endure. Yes, prison is all of this and more, and underlying it all, perhaps, is the sense of utter futility.

Come, let me escort you through the prison. This is the gate where you first enter and where the shackles are taken off you by the sheriff's men who brought you here. And that long roadway leads to the office where you are processed, where you trade your "civvy" suit for a drab brown uniform, each article of which bears a

number. That's *your* number, your name, really, for you will be called by number far more than by name.

Now, up this long passageway to the Dome, the central hall from which eight blocks branch out like spokes from a wheel. Each block contains four tiers or ranges and on each range there are twenty cells. Here's one. Look at the size of it first. It's five feet by ten if you measure it right up to the steel bars forming the front wall. And that's the bed. See how it's hinged on one side to the wall. You turn this hook and let it down to the floor each night and make it up with the gray blankets hanging from these pegs.

Loneliness is one of the things I mentioned, wasn't it? Well here is where it bites deepest. As you lie here at night, you think of the outside, of your wife out there with your children. What is happening to her, to them? What do they think of you? Her letters say that she and the children love you and have faith in you still, but does she write what she really believes? And at the end of your five-year bid will she be the same, or will loneliness have etched her soul too? Will she let herself become lonely... five years is a long time, isn't it.

But, come, you haven't seen the shops yet. You'll work in one of them you know. You won't learn much in most of them that is nothing of value to you on the outside. But it does help to pass the time.. Just imagine being locked up in your cell twenty-four

hours a day instead of only sixteen you are locked up now. In here, any initiatives you may have in your work will be discouraged. Yes, this is partly what I mean by frustration that stifles ambition. Oh, you'll understand much better after you are finally released what I mean by that.

What? Yes, you're allowed to talk. But, you know what? You can join the conversation now, leave and come back two years from now and you'll hear the same topic discussed and the same words used. You'll do the same things, eat the same food, dream the same dreams, and wear the same drab clothes. That's part of the monotony I spoke of earlier. The day in and day out. Life in here remains unchanged except that you grow older and more bitter.

Him? Oh, those guards are taking him to the psychiatric ward. He held up as long as he could, poor fellow; but he finally blew his top last night in his cell. Yes that's the violent outburst.

Thinking? Almost anything. But your mind plays tricks on you, deceives you into turning your mind's eye so to speak, away from the reality of your situation. You cannot see the end of five years. Also, you're afraid of the changes wrought by those years on the people you knew outside. Your wife, your children, your parents, your

friends....how will their love, their affection, their interest endure?

And so you deceive yourself into thinking from the moment of your entering prison time stopped and will resume when you are released. I mean it is almost as if you thought with your emotions as well as with your brain. Your emotions say that time has stopped, that you can pick up the threads of your life at the same point you dropped them when entering prison; but your brain tells you that time never stops, that things change and people with them. And there results a conflict between the brain-thinking and the emotion thinking. This is the quiet desperation.

Alright you've seen the prison. You didn't really have a five-year bit, and so you can go out now after only a one-hour visit. But as you pass out through the gate, pause a moment and reflect on what you have seen, what you have heard.

Think of the figures you have read on recidivism, on the men who return, to prison, any prison. That's right, over 78%. Do you know what that means? It means that of the thousand men in prison *over seven hundred and eighty of them have been in prison before.*

Now you understand what I mean by utter futility.



LOYALTY

SEPTEMBER, 1952 Stewy Anderson

Prisoners have good cause to know how many real friends a man has. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" is something more than just a wise saying to them. It represents the findings of their personal experiences. And, from experience too, many inmates have come to realize that even loyalty and some of the other virtues are spread thinly among humans, they do know, usually at least one in whom the quality exists to a marked degree.

No matter where else in modern society one looked, it would be difficult to find more perfect examples of loyalty to another person than such as are shown by some of those persons who correspond and visit with prisoners. Many prisoners do in fact, use these persons as rather singular and personal example on which they have based their ideas and knowledge of loyalty as an act and not just another word. They point, with humility and a trace of pride to the high standard set by a mother, wife, brother, etc.... a standard upheld and continued, sometimes, over many long years of enforced separation.

These few paragraphs, then, are addressed to those persons who understand something of what loyalty means, and are especially written in frank praise of those "ones" who write and visit with inmates here. This will have served a part of its purpose if it conveys some of the prisoner's heart-felt gratitude towards those persons; if it more firmly establishes the fact that such acts of loyalty and kindness can effect.... and that by the very creation of such an effect, can never be made in vain.

There is really much more to be said

in praise of those persons than could ever be fully expressed in these few paragraphs. Indeed, anyone attempting to do justice in gathering all the good comments and good feeling expressed by the letter and visit-receiving population here would have to be a much better writer than I can ever hope to be. Only those persons who have gone through a similar period or phase of separation themselves (i.e. armed forces, shut-ins, travellers etc.) can possibly come close to realizing the full value of what a letter or series of letters can mean in terms of morale and pure pleasure.

When one considers the fact that the prisoners are from all points of Canada, and that most families are hundreds of miles distant, it is surprising that there are so many visitors. It certainly requires a great deal of something.... on the part of the visitor to spend time, money, and effort to come these great distances for the sole purpose of that one-half hour visit that is allowed by regulations, each month. Yet there are, to my certain knowledge, some visitors who have made such a trip each month over periods exceeding a decade.... and others who, finding the trip to be to expensive and time-consuming, have moved to towns closer to the institution so as to be able to visit more often.

There is a certain "rightening" influence even in the contemplation of such a display of loyalty, and that this influence has far-reaching effects is a fact that has been recognized long since by philosophers and other persons of eminent common sense. No matter how bitter, how disillusioned, how contemptuous of the ordinary values in life a prisoner may be, examples of loyalty such as some of them afford cannot help but stir some reciprocal feeling; create some hope; leave one with the thought that perhaps things in general are not quite so bad as they seem.

SECOND CLASS CITIZEN

SEPTEMBER 1955 Peter Stasiak

In the last few weeks there has been much reference to second class citizens in our periodicals and in government circles. A prominent weekly magazine with a wide circulation referred to the mass of women in Russia as second class citizens and went on to some length to describe the deplorable conditions under which they exist. There was no noticeable reaction to this article, that which the public accepted and approved of the account. Shortly afterwards, one of our government officials implied that some of our citizens were inferior and could be classed as second class citizens. A howl of protest immediately went up and as in most such cases, a statement was issued subsequently which watered down the former statement and had the desired effect of calming the turbulent waters.

Despite this denial and the accented belief that all Canadians are equal as

far as citizenship is concerned, we do have second class citizens in our midst. The person convicted of a criminal offense slips into this unbelievable category and remains there in spite of the fact that he, according to law, has paid his debt to society by serving out the penalty imposed by the court. The die has been cast. He is a marked man, branded by the rigid concepts of our social system. The invisible scars are with him until his dying day...to frustrate his hopes, to haunt his every memory and to shape his very existence. They reach into every field in which he must travel...employment, social relationships, family life...and other areas that have less bearing in his everyday life.

After paying his penalty to society, the individual must obtain employment if he is to live a law-abiding life and re-establish himself in the community. Generally, he cannot look around to obtain a job for which he is best suited and one which would meet his needs financially and otherwise. This is the first major obstacle in the free world and it is now that he has the first inkling of the change in his social status. Unsuitable employment does not make for satisfactory work adjustment this is especially true of the men who have just been released from a corrective institution. Worse still, a job must be found and the employers must be considered. Before seeking employment the individual is faced with the dilemma....'Do I tell my prospective employer of my past or don't I?'

If he obtains employment he is constantly in fear that his past misdeeds will eventually reach the ears of those in charge. Let us assume that the employer does secure this information. It would be reasonable to suggest that the man would be discharged in short order, and if the job be one which entails his working near anything of value, there is no doubt of his fate...he would be dismissed without further ado. Now let us assume

that he, upon seeking employment, admits having a criminal record. The interview with the prospective employer would be at an end as far as obtaining employment is concerned. When the employer or the person delegated to interview prospective employees is asked for a reason why the applicant is refused employment he invariably gives the reply. . . . "it is our policy not to employ men with criminal records." If he is pressed to elaborate on his statement, he is usually at a loss as to what to say, except that the firm does not desire to engage such people. Quite often, there are a number of people with police records working at the plant when he refuses an application. As a result, the person with a criminal record must be content with work befitting a second rate citizen, so to speak.

Man is a gregarious creature. Since this is a fact, it goes without saying that people must, of necessity, seek the companionship of others. The "right" human contacts are necessary for a satisfactory life. This is important to all people and essential to the person trying to re-establish himself

in society. Many of his former acquaintances who could prove helpful, now regard him with suspicion since he, according to social standards, is stained, or they do not encourage a renewal of the old bonds of friendship because of fear of the reaction of others. Valuable assistance normally given to people who have met with disaster is not extended to him.

Yet on the surface this problem appears to be surmountable since it is not difficult to make new friends. Once again the person is faced with the old dilemma. If he falsifies the facts about his past life he dreads the day of exposure which surely must come, and the consequences. . . . ostracism from this particular circle. On the other hand if he admits to a criminal past he is committing social suicide because he will be rejected before he can enter the group.

The plight of the individual with a family is tragic indeed. His past conduct reflects on his wife and children and has a bearing on their lives even though they were in no way responsible for the behaviour of the head of the family.



" АНННННННН "



RUMORS

MAY, 1951

Wally Johnson

Rumors may be classified into distinctive types, based on the emotional feelings which underlie them. These types are known as the fear rumors, the hope (or wish) rumors, and the hate rumors.

A fear rumor is one that arises from widespread fear that the thing rumored may be a fact. Since fear is frequently thought of as a sign of weakness, some people unconsciously welcome any story which might dispel their fear.

The hope (or wish) rumor is the reverse of the fear rumor. We tend to believe a story, even if uncorroborated, if we want it to be true. Listening to the hope rumors amounts to letting yourself in for a lot of expectations which never seem to happen.

The most vicious of all is the hate rumor, sometimes called the "wedge driver." These are the most dangerous. These are the rumors that destroy the morale of the men here and other prisons.

What make a person spread rumors? Rumors answer questions. They offer excuses for his actions. They relieve

emotions. Rumors make the storyteller seem important. Rumors satisfy our curiosity, and we pass them along to others so that curiosity may be satisfied.

There are those who create rumors out of sheer jealousy of other people's successes and feel the need to defend their inferiority because of it. They enjoy passing on unfavourable types of rumor about anything to satisfy their egotism.

The persons "in the know" who have the inside story, who are "first with the news, and who are the connection Joes" (he's the guy who has the right connections) spread rumors to make themselves the centre of attraction. Unfortunately, to secure prestige they repeat unfounded and dangerous rumors.

There are no sure ways to control the spreading of rumors, but these suggestions can be helpful. Knowledge can be the greatest of all antidotes for rumors, because rumors originate only when the facts are not known. Keep a sceptical attitude until facts are known through proper channels. Be rumor wise. Use rumors. Never accept them on face value alone. One might well test out rumors by the three gates of the wise men of old, which are: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?



The Warden's Diary

From out of the past — from the time Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada — comes a day from another century. Each month the TELESCOPE brings you excerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only change from the original book are the officer's names

I delivered the keys to Guard Common at five o'clock when all was reported quiet. Saw the Deputy Warden come in time for bell ringing. I attended to see the Convicts parade out with their buckets and thence to breakfast.

Attended to the Punishment Book, after which I received Mr. John Holt of London who came to take his sister Jeanette Beaton who is going home.

Convict John Cranston was this day sentenced to four nights without bed and eight meals of bread and water for using filthy and obscene language to one of my Guards. He was further sentenced to ten strokes of the cat for the revolting act of spitting at my Deputy Warden when the sentence was passed. Convict Frederick Day was sentenced to three days in the Dark Cells for committing an obscene act in his cell. His hands will also be manacled. This filthy person must be broken of this revolting habit.

Visited the Female Prison and was escorted on my rounds by Matron Walker. Paid close attention to the lunatic patient, but she shows no signs of violence. Perhaps her close confine-

ment has been beneficial. Female Convict Edith Knapper sentenced to three meals bread and water and one night without bed for having tobacco on her person. When asked about it, the Convict tried to swallow it but my Matron outsmarted her. A most uncooperative female.

I attended to see the Convicts through supper and as a special duty attended to the punishment of Convicts Sauve and Herron. These two are constant trouble makers and I am immediately seeing that Sauve is chained in the cell. Before passing sentence on Herron I would like to hear his side of the story.

All was correct and I returned to my quarters for supper. Returned to the Prison at ten minutes to the hour of eight and made a round of the cells. I found nothing amiss so I retired to my office to sign some documents. Went to my quarters and retired about ten o'clock.

Attended to see the Convicts through breakfast after which I made a tour of the Work Shops. The morale of the Shoe Shop seems far below that

desired but I am unable to offer any solution.

Seven Convicts from the Stone Shed were given four strokes of the cat each for fighting this date. An additional two strokes were given to the Convict William Purvis for insubordination when he told the Doctor, 'Go ahead you can't hurt my bottom'. A most cheeky young man.

A new guard is required to replace Guard Renaud who has been discharged for being absent without leave. This was a good man but unsuitable for such a job of trust. He could not curb his drinking of liquor.

Guard Borthwick charged the Convicts in the Dark Cells with making a noise. The Convicts claim the cells are cold and wet. Will ascertain the truth of these statemnets at first opportunity.

Visited the Female Prison and was accompanied on my rounds by Matron Leahy, a most understanding woman and most suited for this type of job. I interviewed Gladys Geddes who is to be released on the morrow, a well adjusted woman from whom I expect to hear no more. Isabella Mullins shows no tendency to be of any use to herself or anyone else. I have sentenced her to three days in the Female Solitary cell, but I fear it will have no effect on her.

Proceeded to general office business confirming my information for the annual report. The office work has proven quite a task of late and I must make a point to get more help for my secretary. The poor man is beside himself with paper work.

Retired to my quarters for supper. When informed the prison was secure at one half hour past the hour of seven, returned to my quarters with a most worried mind. There is a feel of unrest and there has been a number of reports in the last week of different inmates being seen in conversation.

I delivered the keys to Guard Sullivan at five o'clock when all was re-

ported correct. Saw the Deputy Warden come in for Bell Ringing after which I attended myself at Divine Service.

Questioned the Convict Paquette, a very inventious fellow who has worked at Rock Wood for some time. I am sorry to remark that he is looking very delicate.

Convict Finch was brought before me by Guard Lee charged with keeping himself in a very unsanitary state. The lice in his hair made me almost sick to my stomach. I ordered that his head was to be shaved bald. He is to be treated with a solution from the Hospital to see that it is prevented in the future. He has been sentenced to seven strokes of the switch and four nights without bed. The man is a scoundrel.

Returned to my quarters for supper at ten minutes past five o'clock. Visited the Prison at eight o'clock and was told all was correct. Had a talk with Guard Sheeley in the Keeper's Hall. This Guard has been on night duty for some time and is most conscientious man. However, I wish he would be a little more tidy in his dress. Retired to my quarters at twenty minutes past the hour of nine o'clock and went to my bed.

Delivered the keys to Guard Farleigh at five o'clock when all was reported secure during the night. Attended to see the Convicts parade with their buckets and then to breakfast.

After eating I was approached by Convict Harold Peters about medical attention for his leg. He states that the Doctor is not giving him proper treatment. I will look into his allegation.

Today I must attend the funeral of ex-Guard O'Rae and the Prison will be closed. It is a sin that such a fine young man must be called to meet his maker. Must extend my sympathy to his widow and children. Prison noted as all correct at twelve o'clock when I left for my sad duty.

Sports

SOFTBALL
HORSESHOES
HANDBALL
BODY BUILDING

Name

Name

SCORECARD

Name

Name

by M. DeLoch

THE CONGRESS MATCH

During the holiday of August 1st, three outside teams visited us here to play the Saints for the annual Congress Cup games. Last year at this time, Trudeau Motors of Belleville, Ontario walked away with the Congress Cup. This year the teams were Columbia Records of Toronto, Kingston Bus Line, Kingston, Trudeau Motors, Belleville, and last but not least, the K.P. Saints.

In the morning, Columbia Records and Trudeau Motors went into the first inning with Belleville getting a fast two runs on hits by Howard and a beautiful double by Mead. Columbia Records tried to outplay Belleville in the bottom half, but Belleville's pitcher was just too powerful for the Toronto Club and quickly retired the side. In the top of the second inning, Belleville's pitcher got a single but to no avail as the side was quickly struck out. This was a well played game and there were very few errors until the bottom half of the last inning. A Toronto player hit a triple and then scored on an error by the Belleville pitcher. This made the score 2-1 with only one out. Toronto's chances for a victory were soon lost when the next batter hit into a double play.

Belleville's pitcher struck out 14 batters and pitched a one hitter. For Toronto, the pitcher struck out 11

batters and pitched a six hitter with no errors. Columbia Records tried hard and played a good game, but their rally started too late.

KINGSTON BUS LINES VS THE SAINTS

In the afternoon two games were played. In the top of the first inning the Kingston team got one run, on two hits and one error. The Saints second baseman, Crottie, came up with a beautiful unassisted double play to retire the side. The lead off batter for the Saints, Farkas, popped up for the first out. Crottie singled a line drive to left field. Coates flied out to centre field and when Crottie attempted second, he was nailed on a run down play between bases. In the next inning the Saint's pitcher Russ Hobday, was trying desperately to hold down the Kingston team; but three hits and 2 errors gave them a 3-0 lead which proved to be quite costly at the end of the game. Litchfield, the Kingston pitcher, struck out the side in the next inning. Needless to say, the Kingston club were soon getting hits again, but good infield work by the Saints held them down. In the bottom of the third inning, the Kingston pitcher again retired the side. The outstanding play for the Saints in the 4th inning was a good wall catch by a new Saint player, Tommy Fuhrman.

Litsfield just couldn't be kept down as he kept retiring the Saints, up until this time, he had 10 strike outs and one hit. Very good pitching indeed! It looked like a shut-out for the Kingston pitcher, but in the bottom of the 9th the Saints scored one run making the final score 4-1 for the Kingston Bus Lines.

TRUDEAU MOTORS

VS

THE KINGSTON BUS LINE

Kingston Bus Lines were at bat first. But, due to the pitching power of Litsfield there were soon three up and three down.

In the bottom half, the mud hit the fan when with two men on base, Belleville's catcher singled to left field and brought in one runner. The ball was picked up, thrown, but, alas, it was thrown wide to third base. This made the score 2-0 for Belleville. the next batter flied out and retired the side.

The second inning was a tie; nothing across the board for either side. The third inning was different in that Kingston got a hit and Belleville made three errors in the field. This made the score 3-2 for Kingston.

From the bottom of the third to the top of the fifth inning the two pitchers



TRUDEAU MOTORS BASEBALL TEAM



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE KINGSTON

A photograph composed of many recently taken in the yard which gives the reader a more accurate picture of the exercise and sports field. To the left, inmates can be seen playing handball against a portion of the east wall. Towards the centre other men can be seen punching a

did a magnificent job of hurling, holding each other's team down. In the bottom of the fifth, Kingston's catcher came up with two fantastic plays to stop Belleville cold; keeping them from getting two home runs. This was repeated by Belleville's catcher in the top of the sixth to save a run.

Nearing the end of the ball game, the score was tied. In the bottom of the ninth, Belleville was up and two men were on base due to errors. One was on first; one was on third, two strikes were against the batter. He hit a high fly ball to centre field which looked like a routine out. But as the fielder gloved the ball, he dropped it. The cheers were loud as the ball game ended with a score of 9-8 for Belleville.

The cup was then presented to Trudeau Motors, Belleville, Ontario, by Ernie Coates. Deputy Warden Babcock gave a speech congratulating the winners. He gave a speech congratulating the winning team for their outstanding playing. Better luck next year Saints!

SAINTS VS

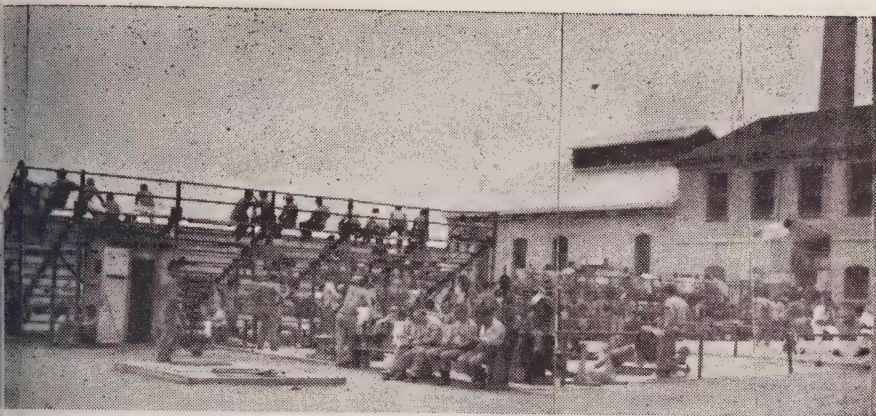
THE OTTAWA FIRE FIGHTERS

The Saints played host to the Ottawa Fire Fighters, an intermediate ball club. The Saints players were in terrific shape for this meet and proved it by soundly trouncing the Ottawa team by a score of 17-2. The losers put up a very valiant effort, but they just couldn't hold down the batting power of the Saints.

AWARDS FOR THE 1966 SEASON

On August 4th, a meeting was held in the gymnasium. In attendance were Charley Grey (Commissioner), Ernie Coates (Sports Committee member), Dave Crockett (manager), Tex Brown (manager), John Hans (manager), and the statistician John Copley. The ballots were cast and here's what the results were:

Ernie Coates	The most valuable player award.
Doug Sperry	The most valuable pitcher award.
Tom Fuhrman	Rookie of the year award.
Ernie Coates	The most home runs award.
Ernie Coates	The best batting title award.



NAVY EXERCISE YARD AND SPORTS FIELD

avy bag. Under the stands weight-lifters and body builders exercise. on the stands, behind the weight-lifting pit and those to the ex- me right are watching a ball game.

The umpires for the game were Char- ley Grey, Harold Newman and Johnny Fox behind the plate.

The game was very well called ex- cept for a few minor grievances.

Thank you for coming Ottawa, we look forward to having another visit from you.

LEAGUE BASEBALL

Since our last magazine issue there has been a few changes concerning the

ball clubs here. The Chiefs, a major league team was disbanded due to grievances expressed by members of this club. The main argument was over some players in the pool and who was supposed to have first choice of the players. As a result of this argument, one team was disbanded and the base- ball commissioner quit. Now the base- ball season will end sooner than was expected because of the dissention a- mong the players.

TOP 12 BATTERS IN THE LEAGUE

NAME	TEAM	BA	RBI	FA
Ernie Coates	Jesters	.500	16	.887
Fern Aubé	Braves	.441	17	.814
Russ Hobday	Braves	.397	15	.935
Tex Brown	Jesters	.391	9	.845
Ron Druce	Dodgers	.388	8	.889
Pat Crottie	Jesters	.375	18	.895
Bruce Lewis	Dodgers	.353	21	.867
Dave Crockett	Braves	.350	22	.953
Ollie Barker	Braves	.342	17	.908
Herb Handy	Dodgers	.333	14	.906
Ken Brymer	Dodgers	.325	15	.907
Doug Sperry	Dodgers	.314	15	.953



COLUMBIA RECORDS BASEBALL TEAM

TOP THREE PITCHERS OF THE LEAGUE

TEAM	NAME	Rec.	ERA	IP	ER	BB	SO
Dodgers	Sperry	11-8-1	3.94	160	70	57	95
Braves	Hobday R.	10-9-0	4.14	167	77	48	92
Jesters	Gavanac	10-7-1	5.08	134	75	51	87

HOME RUN LEADERS

NAME	TEAM	HOME RUNS
Ernie Coates	Jesters	5
Pat Crottie	Jesters	4
Bruce Lewis	Dodgers	4
Russ Hobday	Braves	4

POETRY

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your
struggle for self,
And the world makes you King for a
day.
Just go to the mirror and look at
yourself,
And see what that man has to say.
For it isn't your Father or Mother or Wife,
Whose judgement upon you must pass.
The fellow whose verdict counts most in
your life,
Is the one staring at you from the glass.
Some people may think you a straight-
shooting chum,
And call you a wonderful guy.
But the man in the glass says you're only
a bum,
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
He's the fellow to please, never mind all
the rest,
For he's with you clear to the end.
And you have passed your most difficult,
dangerous test,
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You can fool the whole world down the
pathway of life,
And get pats on your back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartaches
and tears,
If you cheat 'The Man In The Glass'.

R. McLarty

DAILY VISITOR

Little mouse why may I ask,
Do you scamper from me fast—
Yet, I feed you every day
That should tell you, you may stay;
Stay as long as you intend,
I'm a convict—but a friend.
Little mouse, just you play;
I will feed you if I may,
Though at times I'm apt to fret,
Yet I rarely e'er forget
Little things that pass my way
In around my cell each day.

BY J.M.

THE VISITORS

I wonder how we look to them,
The visitors who come each day?
The young, the old in curious throng,
Who stare awhile, then go away.
What impressions do we leave
Upon their minds—I wish I knew.
Disgust, perhaps; or hate, or fear
Or maybe pity in a few.
No doubt a sigh of vast relief
Is expelled by them, both one and all,
When they have left and see between
Their world and ours, a tall gray wall.
I wonder if there's some who see
Beneath the stigma on each head,
Beside the bad that each has done,
A little of the good instead.
And do they see the hope that lies
In each man's heart, the yearning there?
To live again, to love, to laugh,
To build anew his life somewhere?
And are there some who understand
How easy one can go astray,
And, are not quick to think the worse
Of those they see in here today.
Ah, yes, I wonder if they see
The good there is or might have been?
Or only convicts marching by
Unfit to be their fellow men.

BY C.B.

WHO'S TO BLAME

Sometimes I sit here and wonder,
What happened to dreams of long ago.
When a young man with lots of plans,
Started on his life of woe.
Was it this great society?
The one who refuses the blame.
The great society full of goodness,
honesty, and trust.
Or is it the society of evil,
Of sadness and of lust.
Who is for this young man?
"I wonder, "You must"

D. FARMER

The only medium in which man's mind can function satisfactorily is the herd, which therefore is not only the source of his opinions, his disbeliefs, and his weaknesses but his altruisms, his charity, and his enthusiasms and his power.

SOCIALIZATION IN PRISON

1959

by Neil Hicks

Man is gregarious. He is a social animal and isolations are harmful to him, often disastrous. Presumably the Quakers didn't know this or didn't appreciate it fully. At any rate, it was they who instituted the concept of solitary penitence, and often "permanent seclusion", for the reformation of criminals. The concept spread in the name of humanity and prisons became known as "penitentiaries" where wrong-doers were made to do penance, meditate on their sins, theoretically, rehabilitate themselves in the process.

This was de-socialization, and served only as a punishment for the prisoner. Later, if and when he was released, it meant more trouble for society. Society then would conveniently charge the fault to the "ex-con". He was just no good.

Three centuries passed. The Quakers themselves didn't last very well but their penal system did. True, it has been modified from time to time by enlightened people but it still persists. The concept, however, has undergone some changes until now the purpose of a penitentiary sentence is avowedly four-fold: to protect society by removing the criminal; to punish the criminal; to deter others who might feel inclined to commit similar offences; and lastly, to reform the criminal.

Gradually, penology as a science has crept into the picture. In 1938 a Royal Commission headed by Honourable Mr. Justice Joseph Archambault visited and investigated Canada's penitenti-

aries and compared our penal system to international standards. The recommendations they made showed a trend toward progressive penology.

Canadian penitentiaries began relaxing the tight regulations, a little at a time. Prisoners no longer had to confine conversation to whispers and signs; they could, at times, converse openly. As time went on, more and more fraternization was allowed. Prisoners at last were being socialized; not with society but with each other.

Here the picture grows complicated. A sentenced man must, in order to conform with criminal society within the walls, divorce himself from the larger society outside. The authorities help him achieve this by restricting letter-writing (one a week) to his immediate family, and one half-hour visit monthly from someone on the same list. They separate him from his clothes, his property, his way of life, and give him a number for a name. Virtually everything which to him represents the free world becomes unreal; but the prison setting and the circumstances he encounters in it are very real.

"Within any group," says Otto Klienburg, "particularly among the vertebrates, the individuals frequently arrange themselves in a hierarchy with well-defined patterns of dominance and submission. These and allied phenomena indicate some of the close parallels to be found between human and animal social groups."

A great deal of work has been done in the subject of society and the process of socialization. What a person becomes is determined largely by what he learns (and what he accepts) from others in the social situations he is subjected to. Toynbee's *Study of History*, in dealing with societies quotes Bergson:

“....there occurs in them something which is no longer the intensification implied in qualitative progress, but it is a multiplication or exaggeration of what has been there to start with. So it is with criminals. When they have only one another with whom to socialize, they will inevitably find the common denominator and nurture it.”

The prisoner learns to accept and become a part of the psychology of opposites and hate-psychosis. In his search for security and prestige, he attaches to a group and adopts group opinions. He does this although he may never understand how the group operates, the groups within groups and independent groups, each with a pecking-order as sacred as that of any barnyard.

Cartwright and Zander suggested that group pressures and personality characteristics are mainly responsible for the socialization phenomena, and that there is a greater attraction to the group by some members than others.

The prisoner himself may never discover the implications involved. He often clings to the glamorous, distorted Hollywood stereotypes of the prison social picture. He will accept and adapt and adopt. If he rejects or is rejected he will be in difficulty, perhaps danger. The consequences of maladaptation are aggression, regression, withdrawal or repression. Depending on his frustration tolerance, such a prisoner may need varying amounts of help from the psychiatric department to help him adapt to the prison society.

And so the criminal adapts to prison society, repudiating free-world standards and values in the process. Result: eighty percent recidivism!

Sherif proved by experiment that though group norms persist in the individual situations, individual norms do not persist in the group situation. Many, if not most, criminals were “accidental criminals” the first time. Since the sort of man a youth will be-

come is determined largely by what he learns from others in the social situations he is subjected to, one might almost say “His life was predestined.” Statistics prove that it is quite natural for an ex-convict, after his release, to continue to identify with the criminal society which was forced on him during imprisonment. Eighty percent of them remain criminals and do not become ex-criminals.

Southerland, in his *Differential Association theory* explains criminality this way: “Excess of definitions favorable to violation of the law over definitions unfavourable to violation of the law, learned by the prospective offender in social inter-action with existing criminals.” Which is to say that, if the gain is worth the risk in the eyes of his associates, a fellow is apt to accept with them that risk, not only for the gain itself but in order to conform with the mores of the society he has identified with.

The Fauteux Committee recognized this. The Report published in 1956 contains for the most part, some of the clearest penological thinking that Canada has ever done. None of the 44 Fauteux recommendations seem designed to increase further socialization within the prisons. They seem designed rather, to curtail it by de-centralization of prisons, intensive classification, and strict segregation among the criminal classes; then....resocialization. Segregation is not new, but re-socialization is.

“Every penal institution in Canada.” says recommendation number 28, “should institute an appropriate pre-release program for the benefit of the inmates.”

Pre-release programs, it is expected, will not only break down the undesirable psychological structure which is the end product of prison socialization, but also erect gradually the desirable psychological structure required for living in that broader context, the free community.

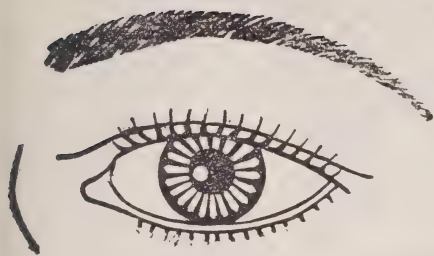
Obviously, it is to re-enforce, nurture and increase such social responsibility as the criminal already has.

It has long been established that de-socialization is harmful. Yet today's penologists know that socialization among criminals in the prison setting is equally undesirable. It is predictable that re-socialization just before release will be only partially successful . . . a stop gap. What then is the answer?

The world's penologists, criminologists and sociologists are undoubtedly groping for the answer at the moment. When they find it, it will likely resemble a comprehensive probation system which will make prisons as we know them, virtually unnecessary. I will no longer then be said: "His life was predestined."

For the benefit of our readers who do not have access to dictionaries we have compiled the following list of definitions.

- Prism A little prison
Cel-ebrity well known prisoner
Cellulose when you get moved to another cell
Cel-anese person born in a cell
Cel-erity open the windows
Gangrene disease fatal to gangsters
Gangway a path of gangster
Homoletic a person who demands to be let go home
Hyperbole bragging of a type
Thuggee a little thug
Penumbra a numbness that sets in after you've been in the pen
a while
Peninsulate keep out the cold in a penitentiary
Mistral same as a mistrial only shorter
Sententious he sentenced us to ten years
Truncheon a policeman's luncheon
Vagabond a vagrant out on bail
Vendetta this is a criminal offense applicable only to men who
sell girls named Etta
Vernal veronal in the spring
Vice versa dirty poem
Viminal woman criminal
Wishy-washy..... what you do when Thursday is bathday and you
wait all day and then find out it's been changed to
Friday
Yeleft why did you clip it?
Condense stupid prisoner
Barbaric a new type of prison that is bare of bars
Barrage he's mad at the bars
Cannonade..... pickpocket's assistant



THE LATEST LOOK

SEPTEMBER, 1953 Mitch Simcoe

Now I'm a big time operator and that's for sure, and I've probably shook more friskies than you've smoked cigarettes. If you have ever heard how fast I am, you're alive to the jive. I'm just about the coolest hepster that ever breezed out of T. O.

And those skirts, do they love me? Man, they just won't leave me alone; they hurl themselves at me. Why, when I walk down Yonge Street I need police protection. You either got it or you haven't, and I've really got it. Of course there's a gaff involved. I've got an approach that's fatal. Bub, it is at this point that things go beyond understanding.

As it happens I've just finished squeezing five lemons at the big house, and I'm stepping off the train at Union Station when I spot this beetle, strictly real gone stuff, so I figure I'll make my play. She won't be able to resist me. I'll just give her one of my passionate laundry looks and follow up with my deadly washer kiss.

So I amble over and tell her. "Don't throw yourself at me sweet. I bruise easy," and I give her the washer. All the time I'm figuring, "I hope this babe don't go panicky and pull a Koukhorbor on me." I step back ready to catch her, which is customary after the laundry followed by the washer, but.....she don't fall.....she just lands there! And her eyes ain't even rolling. She's stiff as a ramrod. I'm thinking maybe I've stored up so much

charm I'm petrifying her. I'm really sorry so I tell her: "You poor kid, this break is too much for you isn't it?"

Now here is where things go haywire. First of all, some young punker lugging a golf bag loaded with clubs stops and says, "Are you feeling all right miss?" She pulls an iron out of the bag while I'm telling myself I'll never give a green kid a washer again, then she konks me in the squash with the club and downs me. I count four lusty clubs across my back before I finally get to my knees. I'm screaming for help with every gasp when finally we get a little law and order. A few station flunkies pull her off and then the athlete starts in on drop kick exercises.

Undaunted I try again, and again a recurrence of rebellion, so, what do I do? I pack it in. But in between Big Time Operations I'm developing a new look, namely, "The Bare Stare." And the kiss is really dynamite this time. You should see me in action! I'll give you a quick rundown on the routine.

As soon as I spot some class, I advance using the "Bare Stare", which is accomplished by opening your eyes as wide as possible, remembering to advance slowly. Now when you are five feet away, give with a groan or two and you are really in.

The kiss is called the "Cool Clinch". I can't give the full details here lest it fall into the hands of unscrupulous rascals, but to all sincere gallants I shall send instructions upon request. So long now, and remember, only the very masculine should tamper with the dangerous "Bare Stare."



Mrs. Harold's Parole

January, 1953

Lloyd Nicholas

A Penitentiary is a strange world where the incredible is common place, for it is a world of people....people from every level of society. They come from the streets and farms, from hovel and mansions; no calling escapes representation here, no not even the Law, nor the Church.

At first glance you would not be like to see anything beautiful here. You would not expect beauty, and most of the time you would find none, but now and then there appears in our midst a priceless page of life's endless drama.

We read, and we are humbled by the magnanimity of the human spirit.

A few days ago just before Christmas.... a woman called at the prison gates. It was the last she would hear those massive portals clang shut, the last time for her long vigil was over Harold was free.

As this quiet couple passed through the gates, surely the birds sang more sweetly; surely the wind was gentle against their faces, and Christmas had a meaning.

No one can say what their thoughts were as they passed the visiting cage for the last time, perhaps they thought of the time when....

She sat opposite him, talking to him

through the screen. Her eyes were clear, and she was young and beautiful. Harold was young too. He was tough, and as he looked at her he realized for the first time that it would be she who would feel the pain of his fifteen year sentence. Pain is easier to bear when you know that you have to bear it.

"I'll never give up Harold; I'll wait for you." We know that she said this because many times down through the years Harold repeated her words again and again.

Perhaps as they passed along the street together they remembered the long trial.

Somewhere, someone wasn't satisfied. The law had not been levied to the full extent. The law makes no provisions for the tears of broken-hearted women; she could do nothing: Harold was taken away for a new trial. When he came back he carried a life sentence.

Somehow, that first, bitterest of all years went by, with Harold reading in her letters, and in her eyes when she visited him, those same simple words of faith: "I will wait."

After each visit during the first year the wisecracks would have their usual joke. "Who but a damned fool would expect a woman that good looking to waste her life waiting for something that would never come? Any day now...."

Even Harold would laugh sometimes bitterly. He didn't expect her to wait; all he could do was hope, and she was hope.

Two years....three....five.... and still the letters came regularly, like the beating of a sound heart. She came to spend the allotted half hour per month with her husband without fail.

Time: a precious thirty-minute winking to spend with her, talking hurriedly through a screen, from cage to cage like monkeys. Time....when the half hour was eternity....back and forth in a rathole of a cell until he would slump into a heap on his bunk. To sit staring at a spot on the cement

floor, tracing circles round it with his toe. Time....when the old Mad Maestro of K.P. would rattle the windows and send his icy voice moaning o'er the rooftops, while the shadows danced like fiends of hell, and the groping fingers of dawn touched velvet gloves with the pummeling brass knuckles of the prison day. Time.... when he hated the guts of nearly everything on God's green Earth.

Eight years, and the time when Harold didn't hate anything or anyone, any more. It is difficult and miserable to hate when one's very existence is for love's sake. No one laughed at Harold any longer, and his wife became a legend. Her name was spoken reverently around the prison shops: "She never misses a visit....they don't make women like that nowadays.....Yeah, she's one in a million, you bet!"

Ten years, and she had moved to a town nearby and taken a job there. Little streaks of silver shone in her hair now, but her eyes never lost their sparkle, and you could always tell when she had been here, for Harold reflected the light that she brought him.

Fifteen years, and she had worn a path to the prison, yet she showed no signs of defeat. Harold drew strength from her boundless courage. Everybody knew her story, and sometimes fellows would speak of her and shake their heads, as if they couldn't believe she was real. Her story began before some of us were born, and has been followed and wondered at, for we have not seen such a fighting heart as hers. We're men of many textures, colours and creeds, and we have seen the thing we men call courage. It is paled by this woman whom we call Mrs. Harold.

Twenty-one years and six months, and then it came! The news of Harold's parole spread throughout the prison, and if it is possible to weep without tears, surely many of us did. We are very happy to see Harold make it, but we all felt that it was Mrs. Harold's parole.

Sombody's Mother



FEBRUARY, 1954 Stuart Anderson

The prisoner and the detective rolled with the swaying Department of Corrections van....the one used to pick up the newly-arrested prisoners from the Brooklyn Borough and bring them to Centre Street for detention there. Usually the van was crowded, but this morning only two passengers were locked in the back. Conversation, at first, was at a minimum.

The cool chill of the early morning air swished in through the steel crisscrosses of the back door of the van; whether by reason of the chilliness or from pure emotional tension, the prisoner drew his coat collar up with a trembling hand and his teeth chattered noticeably. The detective, a man in his middle forties, grinned at the youngest prisoner and lit a cigarette; at the same time he offered the chattering, nervous prisoner one.

"I hope we get there before the vans from the other boroughs do," the detective offered by way of conversation.

"I don't like having to sit outside Detective Headquarters waiting in this steel box any more than you do."

"I've never been through this routine before," the prisoner somewhat sullenly broke in, "so I don't know anything about the waiting part."

"You'll get to learn about the waiting son, before all this is through," the detective answered, smiling.

Just as he had feared, the other vans were there before them. Two of the other precincts' "wagons" were parked directly in front of the main entrance and another waiting for a place. There was nothing for the driver of the Brooklyn van to do other than to pull in as closely as possible and wait out his turn. Perhaps ten minutes or so went by during which time the other vans were unloading their human cargoes. The detectives from the various precincts held up proceedings a little because they invariably exchanged pleasantries as they escorted prisoners from the vans.

The young prisoner had watched closely during this period. His eyes

seemed glued to the passing parade. Yet he sensed, somehow, that there was something other than the mere ten minutes of waiting that was bothering the detective. His air of deep thought, together with the nervous chain-smoking was noticed by the prisoner, as was also an air of sadness or regret but this the prisoner dismissed from his mind as being pure conjecture and imagination. "It isn't him that has troubles," the prisoner told himself, "it's me that's got 'em."

There was something peculiar, too, right from the start, about the scene that he watched. The usual "gapers" who invariably stopped for a moment to watch the unloading vans were nothing new. They stopped, gaped, and then went about their business with a renewed faith in their own rectitude. The peculiarity in the situation eluded attention. There was one person who did not act in the usual manner.

As each van unloaded....a prisoner and a detective at a time....one person, detached from the passing crowd, stayed and watched every movement of the prisoners and the vans. This one person became the object of the prisoner's attention for the next few minutes.

She was an old woman, perhaps well in her seventies, fairly well dressed but in an old-fashioned and inexpensive way. Her smallness and the whiteness of her hair were the most obvious things which the prisoner noticed as he studied her. Then, as he saw her turn her head to peer at a newly arriving van, he was startled by the look in her eyes. She followed with her head and eyes each and every movement of each prisoner as he came from the vans. It was this searching anxious look that had no doubt, first attracted his attention towards her.

There was something about her eyes and about her intensity as she watched each passing prisoner. Her look burrowed through, around, into the contours of each face....as though she

were making certain that this one particular face was not the one for which she was searching. But even though the eyes were intense in their search, they held a blank, uncomprehending look....as do eyes of a person who isn't listening to what you have to say.

Combined with this blank look was an indescribable sadness, a well-defined aura that told of some great hurt in life, an air of utmost tragedy.

Her persistence, as prisoner after prisoner went by, fascinated the young man in the back of the van.

"Who is that woman? Do you know?" He directed his question at the detective who was now gazing at the floor and blowing clouds of smoke in the direction of his gaze.

"It's quite a story, son," the detective replied after a noticeable pause, "quite a story."

"You know her, then?" insisted the prisoner. "Has she been here before, like this?"

"Yes she has. She's been here for a long time....every morning for fifteen years." The detective stopped for a few quick puffs on his cigarette. Then, with a glance out the steel latticed door of the van towards the old woman's figure, he went on.

"That woman had two boys.....twins. Dan and Bill. Their father was killed at work, over in the Bronx where they lived at that time. Later, as the boys grew up, one went wild....done a little time in the reformatory, then a stretch in Sing Sing. Finally, Bill....that was the wild one....got into the big time. He went out on the "heavy" and stuck up bars and night-clubs all over New York."

"The other boy, Dan, was as different as night from day. He studied and worked, studied and worked...."

The detective broke off for another few puffs at his cigarette. Then, almost under his breath, he muttered: "You hear about it everyday. It's become a common story. One brother becomes a hoodlum and the other a D.A. or an F.B.I. agent. But there are situ-

ations like that, and this is one of them.

"To make a long story short," he continued with a sigh, "the one brother wound up as a flatfoot on the beat, while the other was out living the life of Riley . . . knocking over crap games, bars, night-clubs. Just like in the fiction books, too, the policeman was his brother's nemesis."

"Dan shot his brother in the shoulder as Bill backed out of a bar one night, but he didn't know until later that the bartender was lying dead behind the cash register."

"It was a murder rap for Bill. There was no trouble to convict him for it. Dan, his twin, was elevated to detective status for his good work . . . although the Police Commission didn't phrase it that way when they made him a detective."

"The mother hated Dan from that day on. She refused to speak to him or recognize him. When Bill was finally convicted and taken from the court under the sentence of death, something snapped in her mind. The last thing she remembered about Bill was the time she had seen him alighting from the van here at Centre Street."

"The woman you see out there is Bill's mother . . . and Dan's. Each morning she waits to see Bill as she once saw him . . . young, vibrant, healthy. She's been there every morning for fifteen years . . . rain, shine, or snow. Every single morning for fifteen years . . ."

"That's quite a story." The prisoner with an affected air of nonchalance intended to offset his concern over his own emotions and the emotional timbre that had come into the detective's voice, glanced away in embarrassment and made much of putting out his cigarette butt.

The van moved suddenly without warning and threw both prisoner and detective off balance. It moved up and parked in front of the main door of Centre Street Headquarters.

The prisoner watched the old lady's eyes as he alighted from the van. She

smiled innocuously at him and looked at him as searchingly as she had at the others. The blank, far-away expression remained in her eyes and the burned-in air of sadness and disappointment remained on her face. It was strange that she only looked at him, the prisoner, and never favoured the detective with a glance. But there was no exception . . . all morning it had been as though only the prisoners were present and the detectives didn't exist.

She looked around hesitantly as if for more vans . . . but, as she no doubt knew, this was the last for the morning. With an air of despondency and resignation she trudged her weary way along Centre Street.

Both the prisoner and the detective . . . who, strangely, kept his prisoner on the top step of Headquarters watched the old woman's departure . . . breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the big door.

The prisoner was about to ask whether or not anyone had ever tried to do anything for the old lady . . . perhaps psychiatry or some other method that would break down this obvious state of shock and amnesia. He reconsidered it however, in view of the fact that the detective would probably think that he had gone soft. Besides, the detective didn't look as if he was in a mood for conversation anymore.

He led the prisoner into the building and turned him over to the desk sergeant. That was the end of his duty and responsibility.

Several hours later, when it finally dawned on him, the young prisoner shook his head and slapped his knee in anger at his own denseness and outright stupidity. Even the certainty of what he knew, now, startled him as he mulled it over and over.

The tip-off had been the change of words between the desk sergeant and the detective and the farewell shout of the sergeant to the detective as he walked toward the main exit.

"Well, be seeing you around, Dan."

A Woman Prisoner Speaks

by Daisy Horgenshviegle

February 1950

I am a female prisoner confined in the women's section of Kingston Penitentiary. Here is my story. I tell it in the hope that some young innocent girl, some sweet untarnished and unblemished blossom may read it and be saved from a similar fate.

I was born on a little farm just outside Jiberdy Creek. I was the youngest of fourteen children and after I was born father left home, went to the city, and became a hopeless alcoholic. Things looked black for a while but mother was her usual gallant self. "Don't despair, children," she said. "We still have the hired man."

All us kids pitched in to help keep our little home together. Every nickel we could scrounge went into the family pot (I should say "family kitty" — the family pot was father). I ran errands for the neighbours, shovelled snow, and racked balls in the poolroom in Jiberdy Creek. It was there that I met Egbert.

Egbert was a pool shark and one day, just as he was about to bank the nine-ball into the corner pocket, he caught his eye and he miscued. His opponent won the game and Egbert was out thirty-five cents. Little did I know that I was to pay dearly for that lost game. As he hung up his cue he turned to me and said, "I've played in poolrooms from Frisco to Chi and you are the prettiest pool racker I've ever seen." This was the opening gambit to pyjamas (I found out later that his wasn't much of a compliment as all the pool rackers from Frisco to Chi are dirty faced brats).

I don't want to bore you with the details, and anyhow the details aren't printable, but I soon found myself a member of the world's oldest profession. (Although why they call it the world's oldest profession I don't know;

unless it's because it has so many elderly members).

We travelled. Scenes from Shanghai to Marseilles are deeply notched in my memory. There was laughter and tears, quarrels and reconciliations; feasts and famines; Gilbert and Sullivan; and through it all, through the Cadillacs and the hitch-hiking, the mink coats and the paper soles, the feather beds and the park benches, I loved him. Oh, how I loved that man! For thirty years I adored him, worshipped him, obeyed his every command. No sacrifice was too great, no hardship too grim, no depth too deep, for just one of his smiles. But I was living in a fool's paradise.

The end came suddenly. It happened in a poolroom in Saskatoon. Egbert was playing a sucker for seventy-five cents (we were eating high on the hog at the time) and was just about to bank the nine-ball into the corner pocket when he miscued. My mind flashed back thirty years and I looked around the room wildly. Sure enough, there was a pretty little pool racker exchanging smiles with Egbert over the pool table.

My mind became blanker than usual and I don't know what happened next. But the newspapers said I pulled a pistol out of my purse and shot Egbert four times, and that I even banked one off the five-ball into his left temple.

That is my story. It's not a pretty story but 'tis my own. As I sit here in this grim prison, eating the grim food, and reading a grim book, I cannot help but think of the mistakes I've made. And of Egbert. Oh, how I loved that man! I could have forgiven him anything, anything—except miscuing when he was playing for six-bits a game.

Masters of Time

by Steve Savage

1955

As I sit whittling what I hope will eventually compensate my effort, I feel an inner gratification as my thoughts wander back to prison yesteryears when all forms of cellular occupation other than limited reading were taboo.

Even with this innovation, which is new to me, a spasmodic tenseness overcomes me when I hear the sound of a approaching guard. This would have been natural under the taboos of a few years ago, but now it seems that the former years have left their imprint and I can't quite conform to the present routine even though I harbour the feeling of elation as each chip carves into my sentence. Somehow it seems strange that I can continue my carving without the constant fear of losing either the project or "good time" remission.

This happened only too frequently and within recent memory. many suffered, some never recovering from the numerous mental breakdowns brought on by the ever-present strain of the lack of occupational diversion and interest. It is for this reason that it seems so unusual to sit here in the cell and puff away while hacking away with a knife. In former years this would have been strictly a supreme court beef.

Undoubtedly, you might conclude, I paint too bright a picture of the real situation with it's many and varied inadequacies. May I attempt to reply by saying that these small privileges which were extended recently were

recommended a long time ago and were pending for twenty years. Nor must they be considered as a luxury. Small as these things may seem today, the men in prison paid dearly for winning them. And these things too are an opening for us to suggest other practical innovations towards improving our conditions.

The onus is upon us to devise the best method for applying the won privileges as a wedge for our benefit. And yet, it seems to me, we have not yet whole-heartedly utilized the existing and quite extensive potentialities. True, we are forced to conform to the rules and resign ourselves to the fact that we must stay here for a specified term of time, but need we neglect, because of that, these few valuable privileges that have been demanded, begged and fought for for years by inmates inside and social workers outside, and that now is all at our command.

I think it is necessary to add that I am not in complete accord with the administration: to be forced to abide by the rules does not mean to approve of them. But it seems to me that if one leans in the right direction one will come through unscathed.

When a person compares the present with the past he isn't necessarily behind the times, but recalls that the suffering and actions of many thousands of inmates before have made possible whatever privileges exist today. If the breach had not been made we would still be in the dark ages penologically. It is up to us to carry on.

The Ivory Towers

Ray Davies...1957

We were out in the yard for the daily 10 minutes of exercise. Some of the men were playing ball. In the back, behind the boilerroom, a hot horse-shoe pitching game was going on. In front of the ball-field the weight lovers were groaning and grunting, sweat pouring down their strained backs and glistening in the overheated sunlight. Near the east wall, in the shade, some were reading the newspapers.

Suddenly, one of these, Johnny, a tall, lanky lad from the west, pointed to an item in the paper and exclaimed: "Well, look at this!" We glanced towards him. Nearer than the others, I read the item out loud:

"Ian Campbell, 29, last night was shot and killed by police detectives in a gun battle following the fatal shooting of Sam Blaikly in his apartment on Bank Street. Blaikly, police officers revealed, had once, appeared as a witness for the Crown and gave evidence against Campbell. Only released from prison a few weeks ago, Campbell was already dead when the police broke into the apartment. In his tightly-clenched fist he held two beautifully-carved but broken miniature ivory towers."

"Did you know him?" I asked Johnny.

"Sure thing. Lots of us did. I spent many years with him at another penitentiary. I've seen those ivory towers. The poor guy! I'm not surprised to read this. We all knew this would happen sooner or later."

And then he told us Campbell's story.

As in most penitentiaries (Johnny related), each afternoon at four o'clock the men returned from their shops and jobs, lined up to get their inner trays, got whatever the good word with the stewards help provided in the way of grub, and then marched

along the corridors and up the stairways and along other corridors to their cells.

For a few minutes the old dome in which the corridors criss-crossed resounded with wailing life. Then the steel-barred cell doors jangled and clanged shut. The day's work was done. The night's thinking was to begin; each man in his own little world of thoughts, of walls, of bars; a world five feet by ten and nine feet high; a world which provided both link with and barrier from the universe by the bars on one side; a world with white-washed walls opposite; the not-too-clean windows, the bits of outside seen helter-skelter and out of all perspective. The thin and dusty blades of grass, the patches of blue sky, and, for living things, the eventide chirp of birds, sparrows mostly.

Here the prisoner was on his own. In his cell he lived with himself, within himself, sharing his 450-cubic-foot universe with no one.

Everyone in every huge prison is like this. But this is a story of only one man in his lonesome cell. As you walked past on the way to your own cell you'd see him. There he was as he had been for a long time. This was his second long sentence. The first time he'd come here for seven years after an unsuccessful holdup. He made nothing. He had been betrayed by his partner and taken by the police just as he was, so he thought, about to make a big haul.

Ian was 19 when he came. And each of those eternally-long 2557 days, each of those tortured, youth-devouring, life consuming 41,368 hours he served, he dreamed only one dream, desired only one wish, yearned for only one love: revenge. Revenge against the stool-pigeon who'd turned him in, wrecked his life, killed his



youth, made a fool of him. Because of this overwhelming yearning he would not try, could not and would not fit into the prison routines. He moved from Canvas Shop to Print Shop, to Machine Shop, to Tailor Shop, to cleaning the cells and polishing bars. He fought with the guards, he stayed for weeks at a time in the isolation "hole", he got drunk, he tried to escape. And all this time the steaming locomotive of his mind rode its own undeviating rails: revenge, revenge. This is why he lived. This is what he waited for.

Eventually, after having blown all but a few days of his "good time", Ian made his exit through the grim entrance gates to the world outside. The Warden uttered his usual unctuous little speech; the guards accompanied him to the train, handed Ian the ticket, waved him in. The whistle shrilled. The wheels played mournful traveller's cacophony and like marimba mallets bounced rhythmically on the joints of the rails: revenge, revenge, revenge.

Tightly Ian clutched the \$63 he had saved in jail. He stepped off the train

at his home town. He turned his steps towards the pawn-shop district. Ian bought a gun. His whole being vibrated with but one great urge; the rattle of the squealer, the stool-pigeon must now live.

He could barely await the night of retribution. Shivering with the shudder of that one driving compulsion, Ian almost ran towards the despised partner's home. Only a block away now, only ten houses, nine eight, seven six five, four.... three....

"Stop right there, young man!" a voice boomed out from a dark doorway. Ian froze in his steps.

"Alright, raise your hands! Face the wall! Quickly!"

Beside himself, Ian obeyed blindly. Expert hands frisked him. A hand reached into his pocket, took the gun.

"Okay, step in!"

Only then did he realize this was the police. He tore from the hands of the policeman holding him. But it was too late. He was trapped.

In court, a week later, he heard the almost-exultant tone of the magistrate.

"In view of the fact that on leaving prison you did not learn to live the life of an orderly citizen, I hereby sentence you to five years in the penitentiary for carrying the gun."

That's luck for you.

When again he passed through the penitentiary gates, he was welcomed without too much surprise by the guards. They have been through this so many, many times. He received a new number, but old clothes, his cell, his old job.

Five years on top of the other seven. Youth had been murdered. Now manhood was lost as well. He was 26 now.

What to do? What to do?

In restless, relentless nights his mind wrestled with the thought. Revenge had failed him. Why live on? Toward what to look? There was nothing. Like a machine he moved about the prison, did his job, ate, slept. He no longer even had the will to rebel.

And then one day, he observed :

mate exhibit a fine, hand-made leather wallet. He seemed to be proud of it. Takes up the time, he said. Ian thought about it.

He finally decided he'd try that. A permit was obtained from the Arts and Crafts department. To his surprise he found that he could fashion rather fine leather goods.... wallets, purses, belts. He learned quickly. You could see him through the bars. His fingers lovingly handled the leather, set it, bent it, carved it, laced it. Part was added deftly to part. The wallet was born before your eyes. Initials were tooled in. Where can one obtain such beautiful things outside! Ian was an artist.

On May 24th, an annual occasion, small T-bone steaks were served. Ian tried carving with a cell-made tool the small bone that remained and then wiped away the rough spots. A hint of a figure emerged. This interested him.

His friends in the kitchen saved Ian some small bones from the guard's mess. His remarkable agile hands learned quickly. He turned out tiny animals, miniature figures, minuscule decorations. He worked feverishly. His dullness, his torpidity began to go. He began to forget about revenge. He began to fit the routine of prison life. Creation. He could do things no one else was a creator now. A master of his art showed him a coloured picture of what he could do. And then one day some beautiful Taj Mahal he decided he'd work on that and present it on his release to his mother. She was the only being on earth he loved.

Ideas followed ideas. Night after night, week after week, month after month, in the light of his cell lamp until 11 and in the light of the range light after that. He worked late into the evening hours. He could not wait until he got into his cell. Slowly, the replica of the famous structure took shape, composed of tiny bones, each intricately carved. The minarets took their place, the stately dome, the lacy windows, the elephants nearby, the

fountains, the people, the guard towers that seemed made of gleaming ivory.

Everything of which the walls of the prison deprived him he had his remarkable fingers fashion. He trembled not in anger now, nor in murderous impulse, but in creative urge.

Time now was a friend. It sped by unfelt. Soon the tailors measured him for his "outside" suit. Freedom was near. He dreamed of his mother, could see her weeping with gladness at seeing him and fondly showing off to the neighbours this wonderful toy with its miniatures and ivory towers that he had created for her.

One day, a few weeks before leaving, he returned to his cell at lunch time. He looked around. In panic he searched madly, tried everywhere, turned all of his few possessions inside out. Gone! Stolen! His figures, his work, his creation gone! "Guard! Guard!" he shouted beside himself.

"Yeah?"

"Where is my work? What have you done with it?"

"I took it all away," the guard replied. "You have no permit for that kind of work, only for leather. That's the rule. And anyway, the stuff is still in the cleaning locker."

Ian rushed out, passed the guard, ran along the corridor and feverishly looked into the locker. There was his work...but the roof had caved in, the figures were smashed, the ivory towers stood askew.

Silently he seized two of these broken towers, turned and without a single word, threateningly marched into his cell. The guard said nothing. No one said anything.

In a few weeks the sentence was finished.

The last, we at the penitentiary saw of Ian, was him walking towards the gate carrying his poor effects, his fist clenched about two tiny, broken ivory towers. His face was bitter.

That's all we saw: Ian and his ivory towers....

MY BROTHER ANGELO

Frank Cocoma

Ever since I can remember I've admired my brother despite his dishon-
esty. To me he represented most of the
things I lacked: good looks, expensive
clothes, and a glib tongue that attract-
ed both women and money in a seem-
ingly magical manner.

Pa wanted Angelo, who was eight
years older than I, to learn the bar-
bering business or at least get himself
an honest job. But Angelo possessed
an aversion to work of any kind,
spending much of his time in Sherman's
Pool Parlour, from the rear room of
which he operated a number game. A
raid on the premises that brought this
lucrative source of income to a sudden
end didn't interrupt the flow of money
for long. Angelo found many ways to
replenish his wallet, chief of which
was gambling. He was particularly
proficient with the cards.

After breakfast one day, Pa, as was
his custom, lit his pipe and, crossing
his legs, settled back comfortably in
his chair to read the newspaper. This
morning he unfolded it to find Angelo's
picture displayed prominently on the
front page. He'd been charged with
murdering a rival card player during
an all-night poker session at which the
stakes were unusually high.

"Santa Marie!" Pa roared. A long
list of saintly names.....many of
which I'd never heard before....spill-
ed irreverently from his lips in rapid

succession. There was no consoling
furious father.

Angelo was dully convicted on a
reduced charge of manslaughter and
sentenced to five years in prison.

And now my brother was finally
free. He'd come straight home to find
Pa's feelings towards him not only un-
changed but more violent if anything.

"No come back no more! I no want
see!" Pa shouted, pointing to the door.
Unfortunately there were no customers
in the shop. The smile on Angelo's face
faded. In frustration he jammed the
hand he'd extended in greeting deep
into his pocket and stomped from the
barber shop, slamming the door behind
him.

Pa quit ranting long enough to say
"I no wanna you to be like him. You
maka gooda barber. If no...."he left
the sentence unfinished but I knew
what he meant.

Tuesday morning, the day following
Angelo's homecoming, was a sunless
chilly day. This morning Pa didn't
open the shop at eight o'clock as usual.
I heard him talking excitedly to Ma
in the bedroom above and shrugged, ate
my breakfast and went to school.

Upon arriving home for dinner
I could tell from mother's red-rimmed
eyes that she'd been crying. I asked
"What's the matter, Ma?"

She stopped stirring the spaghetti sauce and put her arm about my shoulders. "Mario," she said, "Some-a-ting and coma to Papa. He's going blind. Who can cut-ta da hair gooda no more. What can do?"

So that was it!

"He's a justa open up," she went on. "Be gooda boy, Mario. Go ina barber shop and maybe sweepa da floor or wash ana da sink."

"Sure, Ma. Don't worry. Everything'll be okay," I said, encouragingly. I went into the adjoining shop, got the cleanser from the cupboard and went to the sink, spread the powder around the porcelain bowl.

A middle-aged man, the first customer of the day, was getting a haircut. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched Pa blink continuously, distress plainly evident on his face. As he slipped away there came a snapping sound. The scissors had sheared off the end of the comb.

I looked up to see Pa get another comb from the drawer and resume barbering as if nothing had happened.

I returned my attention to the sink and was sloshing water around in it when the customer emitted a loud "Oh!" "T'sa sorry. Dat'sa first time ever happen. Pleasa sitta still....I fix," I said and hastily grasping a styptic pencil from the counter applied the astringent to the lobe of the man's ear. The organ bled profusely, defying his attempt to stop the bleeding. He tried m and styptic powder. They had no effect. The white shroud covering the customer became splashed a vivid red.

Pa grew frantic. So did the customer. "What kind of barber are you anyway!" he bellowed. "I'm going to report you to the union. You're not fit to hold a license!" With one hand to the bleeding ear he brushed past me snatching his hat from the rack with the other hand hurried from the door in a huff.

The injured man's words cut deeply

for Pa had been a barber thirty or thirty-five years and took considerable pride in his tonsorial skill.

He gave out with a violent oath and hurled the offending scissors to the floor.

During such tantrums I knew that my best policy was silence.

Pa locked the shop and that afternoon consulted a doctor. It was supertime when he returned. As to the doctor's findings he said nothing and from his glum disposition I gathered that whatever he'd learned it wasn't favourable.

For the rest of the week Pa, donning dark glasses, stumbled about the house and finally took to sitting on the back porch, brooding.

Monday morning I was enjoying my cereal when Ma came rushing downstairs with a look so alarming that my spoon fell into the bowl, showering milk onto the tablecloth.

"Mario!" she exclaimed. "Phona da ambulanca....quick! Pa, he's a have da breakdown!"

Pa was sped to the hospital and I stayed home from school.

With my chum, Butch, I lounged on the board steps of St. Anne Church, a block from home and discussed the previous day's events. A late model car drew to the curb before us. My eyes swept over its sleek, sun-capturing exterior and then through the vehicle's window. It was my brother Angelo. He beckoned to me.

"How's everything at home, Mario?"

"Not so good."

"What d'ya mean?"

"Well, Pa's sick and the shop's closed. Ma cries all day."

"What's wrong with Pa?"

I told him of Pa's affliction and the resultant nervous breakdown. "He's in the hospital now," I added.

"That's too bad," Angelo remarked. Holding out his hand he said, "Here. Give this to Ma.....it'll help. Take care of her, Mario. Well....so long. I got a date."

The car moved away and disappeared around the corner.

I eyed the roll of bills Angelo had stuffed into my hand.

"Geez, he's got a lot of dough!" Butch exclaimed, staring at the wad of money.

"Wonder whom he's dating now?" I asked, unmindful of Butch's remark.

"Who knows, Butch answered. "He's only been out a little while and I've seen him with three different girls already."

A few days later this conversation took place at the hospital:

"But Mr. Chandler, you needn't deprive yourself of an eye, since the hospital has an eye-bank for such purposes. Though I must admit that better results could be expected from . . . shall I say . . . a live subject."

"The more reason for having it done this way doctor."

"But you're a young man with your whole life before you. Won't you regret it later?" Doctor Martin asked in a dissuasive tone of voice.

"No, I'm sure I won't."

Rising from his chair behind the desk and offering his hand Dr. Martin said, "Not many would do what you're doing, Mr. Chandler. I'm proud of you."

Accepting a firm handshake, Mr. Chandler said, "Thanks Doc. It's the least I can do for Mr. Bartello."

Taken down the hall to the office of Dr. Horowitz, the eminent specialist and eye surgeon., Mr. Chandler sat waiting while Doctor Martin acquainted his colleague with the facts.

"Hmmm," Dr. Horowitz murmured finally. "You're quite sure you want to go through with this?" he asked, turning to the prospective donor.

"Definitely."

"I see. Well, first I must examine your eyes. It may be that neither of them is suitable. When could you call in?"

"Call in? Couldn't you look at them now, doctor? I'd like to have it done with."

"You're a very anxious and determined, young man. Yes, I can look at them now." Adjusting his spectacles the doctor went through his detail examination.

"Fine," he pronounced finally. "Both your eyes are in excellent condition and of the right color. Now tell me which is it going to be?"

"I'd like to keep the right one, if may."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chandler. Either will do us. Now when do you wish to check into the hospital?"

"Immediately."

"Don't you want to straighten out your affairs?"

"I came prepared, doctor."

"Well I'm sorry. I can't possibly be ready for the operation until Thursday. Will that be all right?"

"Fine sir. I shall be here."

"You realize, Mr. Bartello," Dr. Martin explained the next day, "that both of your eyes were damaged by glass splinters; one more than the other. Besides, your vision is failing. You're not a young man, sir. You should have come to see me long ago. Do you think you could get by with one good eye?"

"One eye? I dunno, doctor. Maybe I'sa know one fella-a long time ago he'sa gotta justa one eye anda he'sa gooda barber. You save'a one eye, doctor?"

"No, I can't do that. But there's a young man, a Mr. Chandler, who's heard of your trouble and wants to donate one of his eyes to you."

"Mista who? Who'sa dat? Never heard of him. Why he wants do su a ting? I glad, but da man, disa Mista Candle, he musta be craze. . . . I no understand!"

"You don't know him? H'mmm. Well, I don't think he's crazy. You should be thankful."

"Oh, I'sa tankful, doctor, I'sa tankful. I justa no understand why he do. Where, is he? I lika to speaka to him."

"Mr. Chandler will see you after the operation. And then only if it's successful."

successful. He wants it that way."

Internes and nurses, but for the rustle of their stiffly-starched uniforms, hurried silently along the polished passage. The odour of antiseptic was everywhere.

Wheeled past the surgery, Mr. Chandler rose to his elbows, looked through the wide doorway and smiled upon the anaesthetized Mr. Bartello and then lay back, the smile lingering seemingly defiant of the others relaxing somnolence, though he breathed deeply.

On Saturday, more than a week later, the padding was removed from Pa's right eye. With Ma, I was there to see whether the operation had succeeded.

Dr. Martin unravelled the bandage, and covering the less damaged optic, said: "Open the eye slowly, Mr. Bartello, very slowly."

Pa did so with a worried expression. "Can you see my hand?" the doctor inquired, waving it from side to side before the patient's face. "I see da hand, doctor. No very good at I see."

"Fine, Mr. Bartello, fine. You're going to be all right. We'll have to keep the eye bandaged except for a few minutes each day, for a week or so.

"Now I have a surprise for you. You've a visitor, Mr. Chandler. I'll keep the bandage off for a few moments until after you meet him."

We turned to the door.

"Mr. Bartello," the Doctor said, "Mr. Chandler, your donor."

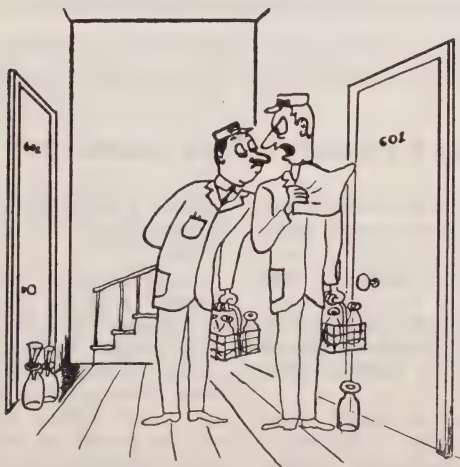
Ma fainted. My eyes widened unbelievably and I just managed to catch her before she fell on the floor. Pa squinted. Aided by his weak eye his gaze gradually focused on the shadowy approaching figure. He stared incredulously. A tremour skipped along his jaws.

With eager arms he reached up and clasped the visitor to his heaving breast. Latin emotion burst through and tears rolled down his face from the eye that had not been operated on.

The door of the room was ajar. A trio of nurses, drawn by Pa's outburst, witnessed the little drama and because the sight of grown men crying is very affecting, their eye too, became moist.

And though I hadn't shed a tear since the day the cop confiscated my air-rifle for firing it within the city limits, I cried too.

And Pa held the donor to his breast. It was my brother Angelo.



"Two quarts of milk and a pint of cream....and the rest is rather personal, if you don't mind!"



Rev. Tonis Nominik and Inmate Happily Look At Books

Rev. Paul Fischer, Manager of Waterloo Lutheran University's bookstore, donate \$973.55 worth of books to the **Chapel At The Top Of The Stairs.**

WATERLOO MAN'S PROJECT GIVES BOOKS FOR CONVICTS

If a prison chaplain wrote and asked you to send some books for the inmates what would you include?

Dietrich Bonhoeffer's **Letters and Papers From Prison?**

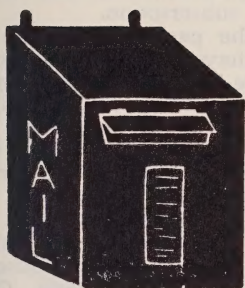
Well, Rev. Paul Fischer, manager of the bookstore at Waterloo Lutheran University did. He also included a book entitled **Prosperity.**

Mr. Fischer received a letter from Tonis Nominik, 32 King St. N., Waterloo, a Waterloo Lutheran seminary student who is spending his summer as assistant

to the Portestant chaplain at Kingsto Penitentiary, requesting a donation of books.

"Any donation of books no matter how modest will be greatly appreciated by all concerned," wrote Mr. Nominik.

Although the request said the chapel could use new or used books, Mr. Fischer went through his stock and picked out only new books. The total retail value of the books is \$973.55. Most of them are textbooks, but about \$225 worth are paperback books.



LETTER BOX

ANIMALS?

At the C.N.E. I spoke to one of the officials who works at Kingston Penitentiary. He gave me a copy of the June-uly issue of the Telescope.

I found the material interesting—and particularly enjoyed the poetry. There was however one point I didn't quite understand. On page 29 (in Dr. Scott's article), near the beginning of the section on **Loss of Meaningful Sexual and Love Values**, he states that apart from impulsive manslaughter offenders, the bulk of animals have a discrepancy in their value system.

Surely this was a typographical error—a "joke" intended by the typesetter and not Dr. Scott's own phrasing?

I would appreciate it very much if you could send me details re: a subscription to your fine publication.

Sincerely,
D.E. Kraulis
Toronto, Ont.

Thank you very much for your letter pointing out our error. I am afraid the typographer and proof-reader will have to take full blame, although whether it was as a joke (which I, personally, doubt) or some kind of Freudian slip only they could say. It should, of course read, "The bulk of **CRIMINALS** have a discrepancy in value system."

If you will send a money order or cheque (\$1.00 plus exchange) to "The Telescope, Box 22, Kingston, Ont.", we would be happy to send you the magazine for a year.

Yours Truly,
R. Lawton,
RTI (Ed)
Telescope Liaison Officer

HIGH & LOW NUMBERS?

I would like to renew my subscription to the **Telescope** and also change my mailing address.

If possible, would you explain the meaning of high and low numbers of the Statistics Table?

I find this a most interesting and enjoyable magazine and I wish you continued success in your good work.

Yours Truly,
Richard Busch,
Mt. Forest, Ont.

The "Low number" means the inmate who has been in the institution the longest time. The "High number" is the last inmate to arrive at the prison.

The numbers commence at 1 and continue to 9999. This is one full series of numbers and at 9999 a new series begins again at 1. "Old Series in front of a number simply means that number is from a previous series.

I trust that this explanation will clarify your question for you Mr. Busch and thank you for the interest shown.

Ed.

SORRY

I am returning this copy of the **Telescope** as I have already received the same issue about a week or so ago. This has been happening ever since I sent the two dollars for a two year subscription. I have already written three times telling of the error. But you insist on repeating it.

Sincerely,
William Fuller
alias
Mr. B. Fuller
Brantford, Ont.

Thank you Mr. alias B. Fuller for again bringing our mistake to our attention. We assure you that it has now been rectified.

Mr. Fuller also included the following poem in his letter:

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life goes along like a song.
But the man worthwhile,
Is the man with a smile.
When everything goes dead wrong.

The favourite of The Late Morrison
Mann McBride,
Former mayor of Brantford and later
M.P.P.

AND A LITTLE EXTRA

I enclose a check. Will you please renew my subscription for a year. Perhaps the rest of the check could be used to pay for a picture. Use it in any way you like.

You do a fine job on your magazine.

Very truly,
Mrs. S. Tough,
Bracebridge, Ont.

Ed's Note: Thank you very much for the extra money—we can always use it. We are on a very limited budget and really appreciate all the help we can get.

WHAT'S WRONG

I sent in my money for one year's subscription of the **Telescope** two months ago and I have not received my renewal as yet.

The last **Telescope** I received was December of last year. If possible, I would like to receive back copies as well as those which will be published in the near future.

Everyone at home really enjoys reading the magazine especially the Sports and Poetry Pages.

Thank you for sparing a few moments for reading my letter.

Yours Truly,
Miss Florence Chouchie,
Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

Eds. Note: Sorry for the delay. Sometimes we have to wait a couple of months before a censor sends your order on to our department and sometimes we have to wait until the next issue is printed to honour your subscription order; subsequently, many of our subscriber's think their money has gone astray. We only only hope that all of our new subscribers show as much patience as you have Miss Cuchie. Thank you.

GREAT SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT

The **Telescope** has been a great source of interest and enjoyment to us, and is with much enthusiasm that we wish to renew our subscription.

During the past few years a number of inmates have passed through our door and we give blessings for the opportunity given us to render service and help to our fellow man. In the years to come we shall continue to assist in whatever ways and means are within our ability.

Sincerely,
Keith Brandon,
Mel — Mark Farm,
Half-way House,
Gananoque, Ontario.

REALLY ENJOYED

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your fine magazine. Your articles are great and poems wonderful. M.S.I. Whoever you are, I wish that I could write poetry as well as you. Keep it up.

I hope to send you my subscription soon. So far a friend has been passing his on to me.

I've never been where you are, but can sympathize with you and pray for you. God bless you.

Yours Sincerely,
Mr. Harold White,
Brandon, Man.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Sees
5. Cap
8. Fill
12. Erns
13. One
14. Idea
15. Mate
16. Underlay
18. Ish
19. Snead
20. Ens
21. Riot
23. Lit
25. Another
28. Tippy
32. Sane
33. Rib
35. Mead
36. Stems
38. Plaints
40. Sit
42. Odds
43. Boa
46. Lilt
48. Ira
51. Anchor
53. Poop
54. Nero
55. Eve
56. Ante
57. Dreg
58. Sir
59. Tsar

DOWN

1. Semi
2. E. as
3. Enthroned
4. S.S.E.
5. Counter
6. Anne
7. Pedal
8. Fir
9. Idle
10. Lean
11. Laxs
17. Edit
19. Soh
22. Items
24. Timid
25. Ass
26. Nat
27. Rip
29. Pensions
30. Sat
31. Yds.
34. Blotter
37. Silo
39. Ads
41. Tires
43. Band
44. Oner
45. Acre
47. Levi
49. Rota
50. Aper
52. Hog
53. Pat

things go
better
with
Coke

TRADE MARK REG.



Both Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trade marks which identify only the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.

